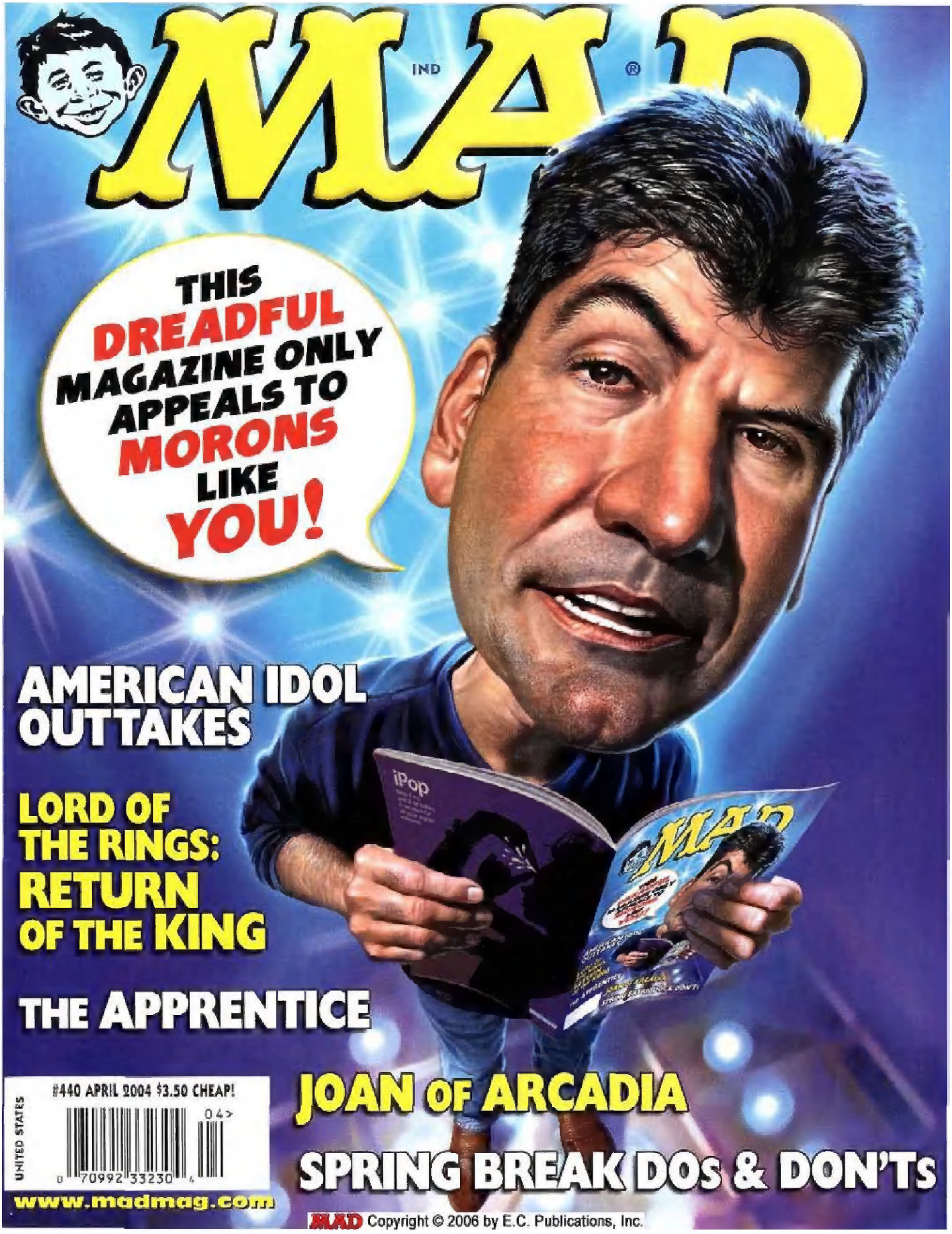

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MAD

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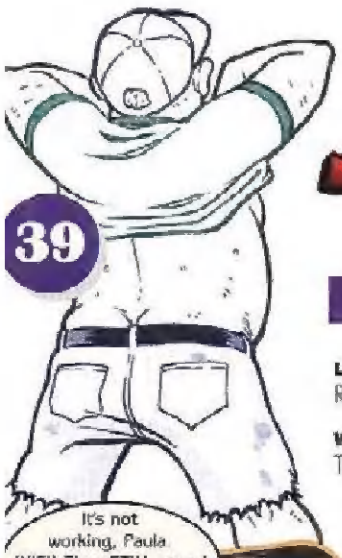

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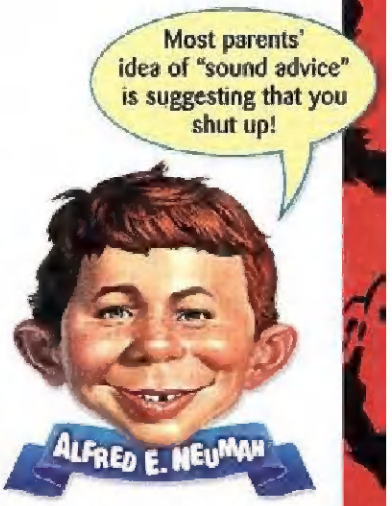

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON

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THE BIG TEACHER'S PET

I am an eighth-grader and a long-time fan of MAD. Recently, in my math class, I had the placement process test and after I finished, my teacher said we could read. So I pulled out MAD — after two seconds, my teacher came up to me, snatched the mag and put it into her desk. She then said that MAD was not to be tolerated and that it was the work of the devil. Then she gave me detention!

Ty Saez, Marblehead, MA

Ty Dye — We don't think it's very fair of your teacher to say that the magazine is the work of the devil. Truth be told, only *parts* of it are created by Satan himself. In fact, we'll let you in on a secret: he typically contributes under the pen name Arie Kaplan. Enjoy and beware the sign of the beast! —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

My dumb wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ is to turn my plain old room into a room fit for a fan of MAD.

Ray Sivek, Traverse City, MI

Ray It Forward — Let's see what we have to work with: bare walls, sparse furnishings and little or no natural light coming in — looks like it already fits the bill! However, we leave it to you, good readers, to help Ray make his room fit for a fan of MAD. Send in your decorating and renovation suggestions, as well as any posters or artwork you've created for Ray, to Amy "The Big Crib Crasher" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019! We'll be happy to pass it all along to him! —Ed.

GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

We are sad to report the passing of long-time MAD artist George Woodbridge on January 20th. During the course of his 47 years with MAD, George illustrated hundreds of articles, including "43-Man Squamish," one of our most popular and reprinted pieces. We extend our deepest condolences to his family.

CROSSING THE SNICKET LINE

Are you crazy including a segment like "A Series of Uneventful Misfortunes" in MAD #436? Didn't you realize it would require a far greater attention span than that of your average reader? I mean if I wanted to read...Oh, look at the pretty rainbow. Oh darn! Now where was I — milk, eggs, butter, pick up dry cleaning...

Kelly Feraro, Nunn, CO

Kell's Bells — Thank you for your observant — a word which in this case, means "jaw-droppingly moronic" — letter. If you've managed to read this far, Kelly, we thank you! And, of course, "we thank you" is a phrase which in this case means, "go suck an egg"! —Ed.

THE ED.'S NIFTY FIFTY™

It's time once again for the *Nifty Fifty*™, our little list of the 50 people we'd most like to see photographed with a copy of MAD! If we print your photo of the celeb holding an issue, you will receive a fabulous three-year subscription and a special secret surprise! (Sorry, photos cannot be returned.) So get out there and start harassing those celebrities today! And of course, we still want regular Celebrity Snaps, too!

- Internet porn star Paris Hilton
- Bullet-proof rapper 50 Cent
- Elfin heartthrob Orlando Bloom
- Hilary Duff
- Billionaire baller LeBron James
- *New York Times* professional plagiarist Jayson Blair
- Attorney General John Ashcroft
- *American Idol* "winner" Ruben Studdard
- *Newlyweds'* Jessica Simpson and/or Nick Lachey
- Living Beatle Paul McCartney
- Either of the *Antiques Roadshow*'s creepy Keno brothers
- Right wing tool Bill O'Reilly
- Author J.K. Rowling and/or any of the three brats from *Harry Potter*
- Professional skate rat Tony Hawk
- King of all duffers Tiger Woods
- Bennifer (they'll work it out)
- C-Span's Brian Lamb (still!)
- David Letterman's mother
- Amazonian Aussie Nicole Kidman
- Army heroine Jessica Lynch
- Freak director Tim Burton
- That punk Ashton Kutcher
- Drug-addled doofus Rush Limbaugh
- Screaming chef Emeril Lagasse
- Far-too-perky TV hostess Katie Couric
- Triumph the Insult Comic Dog
- Blowhard radio host Don Imus
- Socially maladjusted comic book superstar Harvey Pekar
- Michael Jackson (sorry, no mugshots)
- Disgraced Connecticut Governor John Rowland
- Freakishly-tall baller Yao Ming
- A-hole Aussie Russell Crowe
- *Sex and the City* sass-mouth Mario Cantone
- Any member of the "Royal Flush" — Prince William, Prince Harry, Prince Charles, Camilla Parker-Bowles or
- Croc-baiting baby-dangler Steve Irwin
- *The Apprentice* taskmaster Donald Trump
- Metrosexual soccer star David Beckham
- Cyclops terrorist Mullah Omar
- Nerd-movie actor Hugo Weaving
- Camelot creature Caroline Kennedy
- *Friends*ter Jennifer Aniston
- Those Bush-whacking Dixie Chicks
- Celebrity Scotsman Sean Connery
- Neurotic New Yorker Woody Allen
- Jason "Mr. Britney Spears" Alexander
- Judgmental jackass Simon Cowell
- Rescued Mormon Elizabeth Smart
- Unblinking ab-master John Basedow
- Super-creepy *Inside The Actors Studio* host James Lipton
- Gwyneth Paltrow's baby (sonogram acceptable)
- *Survivor*'s "Johnny Fairplay" or Rupert Boneham
- Far-too-perky *Trading Spaces*

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DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALS

I would like to respond to the letter James Chmielinski (MAD #437) wrote, responding to my letter (MAD #434) about "MAD's Photo Personals Gallery: The Men." Jimski Shlaminski — Don't you be dissin' my main man "???." That weirdo in the picture YOU sent doesn't look a thing like my hunky love-muffin, so don't even try it. I am not a stalker.

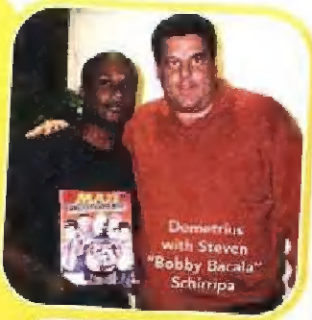
Heather Henderson, Camden, NJ

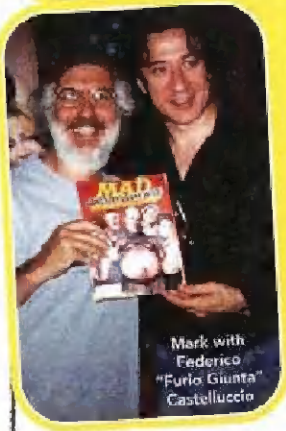
Heath Bar — You say you're not a stalker? That's too bad, 'cause "???" told us he LOVES stalkers! It seems you've blown your one chance to become the future Mrs. "???." Fortunately for you, the "King of Swing" is still available and, rumor has it, he's looking to settle down! Best of luck, and let us know when the big date has been set! —Ed.

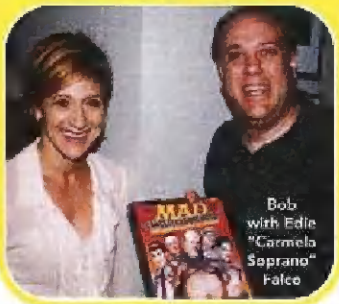
The future Mr. Heather Henderson, the King of Swing

MAD SOPRANOS SNAPS

After a long hiatus (some wags would say not long enough), *The Sopranos* is finally back on the air and, more importantly, back on our Letters Page. To celebrate this not-so-momentous event, we're giving you, our dear readers, a collage of Celebrity Snaps featuring some of the show's cast. Congrats to Demetrius Pinder of Providence, RI and Bob Reinhardt of Douglaston, NY for their one-year MAD subscriptions. Also, congratulations to Mark Rubinstein of Birmingham, MI for his three-year sub!





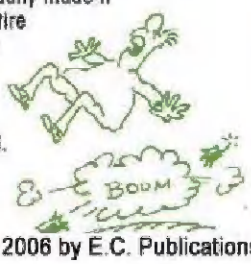


HITTING BELOW THE BIBLE BELT

It is becoming ever more apparent that MAD is transfiguring itself from a humorous satirical publication to a rambling forum for liberal views. In MAD #437 "The 10 Commandments as Practiced by Judge Roy Moore," you keep talking about how Judge Roy Moore disregarded the founding fathers and broke the "constitutional" separation of church and state. My question is, where does the Constitution say there is to be a separation of church and state? If you are speaking of the First Amendment right of freedom of religion, I fail to see how a stone monument to historical laws hinders the "vast" number of Alabama atheists from worshipping, well, nothing. Also, I thought it would be interesting for The Usual Gang of Idiots to know that our founding fathers prayed to God before every session of the Constitutional Convention.

John Cunningham, Palos Park, IL

Ham Bone — We were very upset upon reading your letter. We here at MAD, like FOX News, pride ourselves on being fair and balanced. We like to think that we offer a "rambling forum" for all viewpoints, as anyone who actually made it through your entire bloated diatribe can attest to. Thanks for writing and God bless! —Ed.



LIP DISSERVICE

I am writing to you because I have found that guys don't know how to kiss. If you could educate them it would be much appreciated.

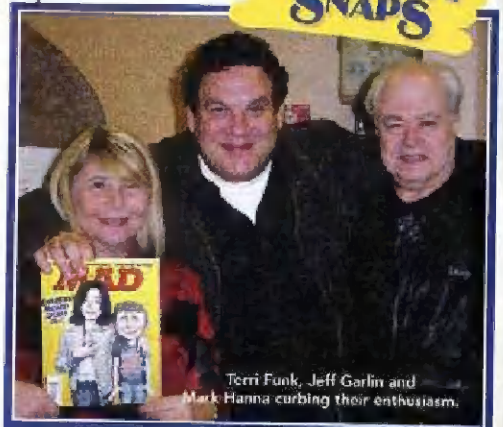
Sarah Bershadsky, Convent Station, NJ

Slim Shadsky — We wish we could help you. But as a girl, aren't *you* better equipped to teach guys how to kiss? All we can do is to direct you to the Letters Page's resident loverboy, the "King of Swing" and wish for the best. We just hope Heather doesn't mind a little competition! —Ed.

MAD FAN OF THE MONTH

Tyler Joyce of Vacaville, CA is our MAD Fan of the Month! Congrats, Tyler, now pull yourself off the floor and put on some damn pants — you're scaring the readers!

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Terri Funk, Jeff Garlin and Mark Hanna curbing their enthusiasm.

Thanks to Mark Hanna and Terri Funk, both of Hollywood, FL for sending in this Celebrity Snap of Jeff Garlin from the TV show *Curb Your Enthusiasm* holding MAD #438, which includes our spoof "Absurd, Their Enthusiasm"! Enjoy your three-year subscription, you crazy, fun-loving couple, you!

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A MAD AD PARODY

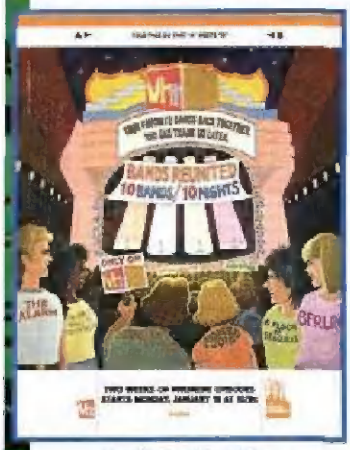
The Big Easel

How about an original oil painting in the fashion of Roy Lichtenstein, complete with Ben-day dots? I created this masterpiece back in my college days for a humanities project that required an art project after an artist we admired. After I copped an "A" for it, I proudly displayed it on the living room wall.

Rick Lohran, Bullhead City, AZ

Rickelodeon — Thanks for your contribution to the Big Easel! After so many years on your living room wall, don't you think it's time to find a new home for it? Now might be the perfect time to donate your "masterwork" to the burgeoning Roy Sivek MAD Collection. It's a win/win situation — you'll become a noted patron of the arts AND receive a whopper of a tax write-off! Bango, Ricky! —Ed.

P.S. Readers, we still want you to send in your artistic Alfred-inspired creations, using whatever medium is handy, to grace our Letters Page. Be creative (so we don't have to be)! Send them to: Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019.



Al Jaffee's ad for VH1

A HEAVY CROSSOVER TO BEAR

Those of you scanning the newsstands of late may have noticed the MAD influence on several non-MAD publications. Al Jaffee's Fold-In ad for VH1 has appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *Us Weekly*, *Entertainment Weekly*, *The Village Voice*, *TV Guide*, *The New York Times Magazine* and *Blender*! In addition, the formerly-reputable Newsweek reprinted the editorial cartoon seen above. Industry experts are already predicting a noticeable decrease in sales for all of these periodicals!

Newsweek's MAD Editorial Cartoon

BONUS POSTER!

For all of those who saw our Ashton/Demi painting in issue #437's MAD 20 and wanted something more suitable for framing, this is your lucky day! MAD Color Classics #9 features the painting as a special pull-out poster! Buy it now while supplies (and their sham relationship) last!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD #441 ON SALE APRIL 13!

OUR TOP-SECRET SPOOF OF *ALIAS*! PLUS... AN EXCLUSIVE LOOK AT DAVID LETTERMAN'S BABY!

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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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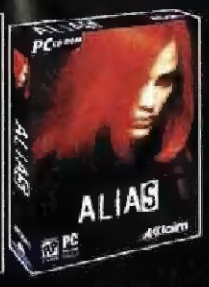

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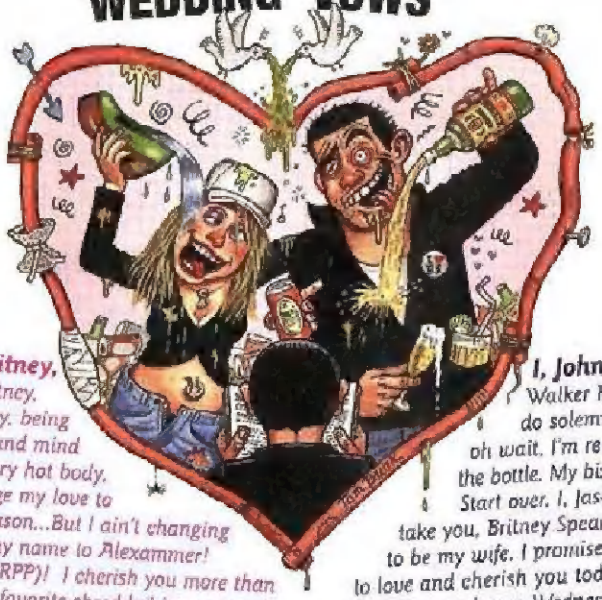
THE FUNDALINI

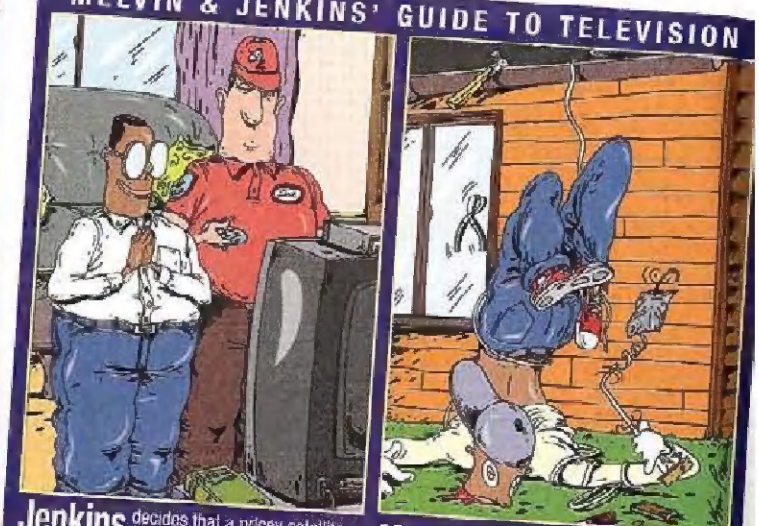
MAD'S EXCLUSIVE TRANSCRIPT OF BRITNEY SPEARS' AND JASON ALEXANDER'S WEDDING VOWS



I, Britney, Britney, Britney, being of sound mind and very hot body, pledge my love to you, Jason...But I ain't changing my name to Alexammer! (BURRRPP)! I cherish you more than my favorite shredded jeans, agent and my...er...my...shredded jeans! HA! This is, like, my happiest day and... and...(bride nods off, has to be prodded awake) HEY! Are we married? 'Cause I want us to be together — and by us I mean you and me, Jason, you are so lucky 'cause you're gonna get to touch these now, and I love you and I'm Britney, and oh God, I'm gonna be sick! (bride hurls in chapel)

I, Johnny Walker Red, do solemnly, oh wait, I'm reading the bottle. My biscuit! Start over. I, Jason, take you, Britney Spears, to be my wife. I promise to love and cherish you today, tomorrow, and even Wednesday, better and longer than that Justin douche bag ever did. And to kiss you better, deeper and with more tongue than Madonna ever could. Ours is a blending of the finest scotch whiskey... oops! The bottle again. Anyway, I do! Now do me!

MELVIN & JENKINS' GUIDE TO TELEVISION



Jenkins decides that a pricey satellite dish is worth it, if he can watch the BBC News, the Vienna Opera House and Japanese Kabuki theater.

Melvin chips his sternum falling off the roof while trying to stretch his homemade antenna in the direction of Mexican cockfight broadcasts.

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OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

This month:
SIMON COWELL

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Murdered by *American Idol* contestant he viciously insulted	1:1
Slap-fight with Ryan Seacrest over the FOX-TV hair gel and Man-Tan supply	5:1
Bored to death while watching *From Justin to Kelly*	12:1
Succumbs to "telepathic voodoo hex" of millions of viewers	16:1
Drowns at crowded public beach, after hours of yelling for help	20:1

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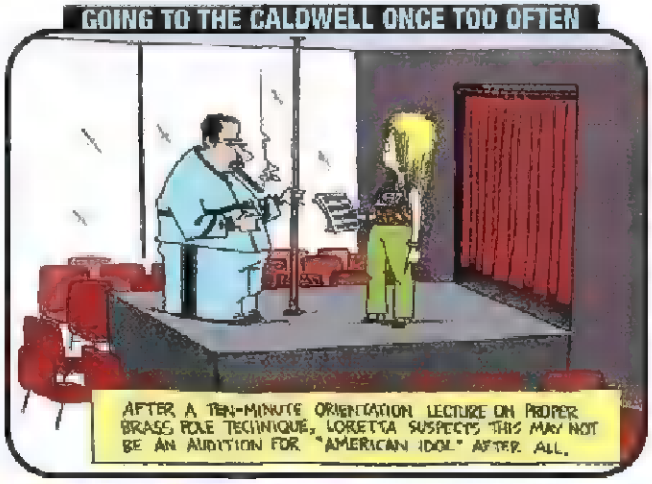
PAGES

GOING TO THE CALDWELL ONCE TOO OFTEN


AFTER A TEN-MINUTE ORIENTATION LECTURE ON PROPER BRASS POLE TECHNIQUE, LORETTA SUSPECTS THIS MAY NOT BE AN AUDITION FOR "AMERICAN IDOL" AFTER ALL.

VIDEOGAME CORNER

THINGS YOU WON'T OVERHEAR AT THE NEXT VIDEOGAME CONVENTION

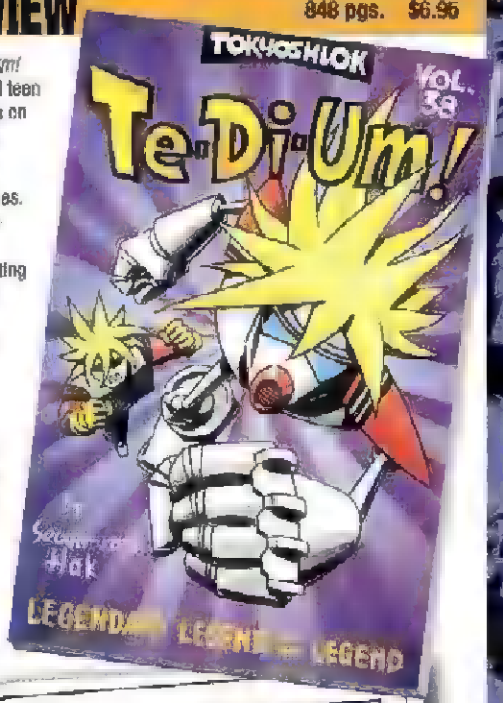
And now, welcome our next speaker, former Attorney General Janet Reno!
Wow, this is a videogame convention? It looks more like the "Mr. Olympia" competition!
I especially appreciate the hundreds of game titles for the over-40 demographic.
Okay, so it's got great graphics, hot sex and bloody violence — but can't we aspire to something higher in an aesthetic sense?
I've got two tickets to the calf-roping semi-finals tomorrow. Interested?
Speaking as a Black female game designer...

THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
[illegible]	Sears	Pep Boys
Molars	Incisors	Bicuspids
Drano	Plunging	Snaking

GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

848 pgs. $6.95



The 38th of a projected 190-volume series, *Te-Di-Um!* features the continuing adventures of HeyYa, a blind teen ninja. And we do mean continuing. Tokyoshlok plans on releasing new volumes in the series every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the next calendar year.

HeyYa is an orphan who lives in lawless feudal times. This plot device neatly covers why he never has to go to school and can spend all day wandering aimlessly from scene to scene. The cast of supporting characters is among the most varied in the genre, including the wise samurai Aoaiou; Zil, the cold-blooded assassin; and Fala, the robot demon ghost goth shapeshifter cyberpunk dethroned princess who invents gadgets. And of course, Pock, the sarcastic talking tapeworm.

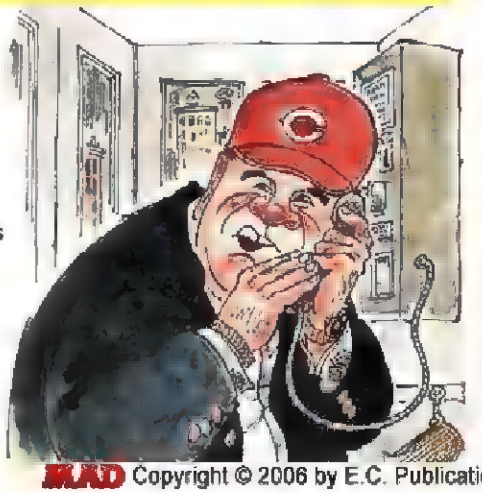
As the 159-word tale unfolds, readers watch HeyYa learn that he has hidden powers. Then, 50 volumes later, he has to harness those powers. Then, HeyYa has to use them to avenge his parents. But don't get the idea that this is like every other manga story. Remember, this one's got the talking tapeworm.

The art is spare, stylized, and evocative, with huge white areas that look like a baby's coloring book, only without the detail. Meanwhile, the writing provides a level of characterization and subplotting that's highly unusual for the genre, stretching this out to a classic 2-minute read.

TELL ME, HEYYA, HOW DID YOU BECOME BLIND?
IT IS DIFFICULT TO SPEAK ABOUT.
FORGIVE ME. LET US STARE SILENTLY AT THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER, AND SOME MOSS.

WHAT'S PETE ROSE BETTING ON THIS MONTH?

- Which is longer, the third *Lord of the Rings* flick, or Britney Spears' next marriage? Pete likes the Hobbits' chances.
- More contagious, mad cows or SARS monkeys? Pete's going with the monkeys to cover the spread.
- The over/under number on Saddam Hussein's head lice count (taking into consideration the beard) is 1,700 of the little buggers. After scratching his head, Pete has decided to take the over.
- There's two drops of hydraulic fluid running down the lens of the mounted camera on the Mars Rover. Pete's putting five bills on the one on the left.



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THE FUNDALINI PAGES

THE MARTHA STEWART TRIAL

THE CASE FOR & AGAINST

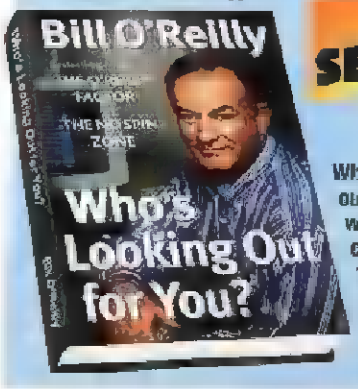
FOR MARTHA

- If she really was a slimy, sleazy, high-powered white-collar crook, she would have been on Dick Cheney's speed-dial.
- In the TV movie based on her life, she was portrayed by has-been actress Cybill Shepherd hasn't she suffered enough?
- Anybody who's seen her try to make a lovely spice rack by gluing together 500 pine cones already knows that she's legally insane and is not responsible for her actions.
- It's a proven fact that prison only makes people worse than they already are. Do you want to help create a *meaner* Martha Stewart?

AGAINST MARTHA

- Put her away for 5-10 years and you won't have to hear her prattle on about how you can knit your dryer lint into a cozy afghan for your kitty.
- Let her ■ and you'll let Osama bin Laden think that Americans are soft an obnoxious, cold-blooded tyrants.
- Somebody has ■ freshen up that room where lethal injections are given with votive candles and pot pourri. Who else is going to do it, *you*?
- Putting bald-faced liars in jail will send out the perfect message to our current crop of Presidential candidates.

THIS MONTH:



BEST SELLERS CUT DOWN TO SIZE

Who's looking out for you? Not the wealthy, not the greedy corporations, and sure as hell not the media. In fact, the only person looking out for you is me, a really wealthy guy who works for a greedy media corporation.

YEY TO GO

"I THANK YOU ALL FOR BEING BY MY SIDE AT THIS TIME. BUT NOW CAN YOU ALL LEAVE SO I CAN GET UP AND GO TO WORK?"

BITTERMAN

Uncle Joe, can you take me to Disney World?
Zoey, Disney World is nothing but ■ place for people who want to escape the numbing mundaneness of their drab existence. It's for people whose lives are so devoid of meaningful relationships that they need to develop intense attachments with imaginary characters because it helps them forget, at least for ■ little while, how pathetic they are. You think they care about you, but all they're after is your money. It's ■ fantasyland for losers and I wouldn't be caught dead ■ a place like that.
GIRLS GIRLS

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

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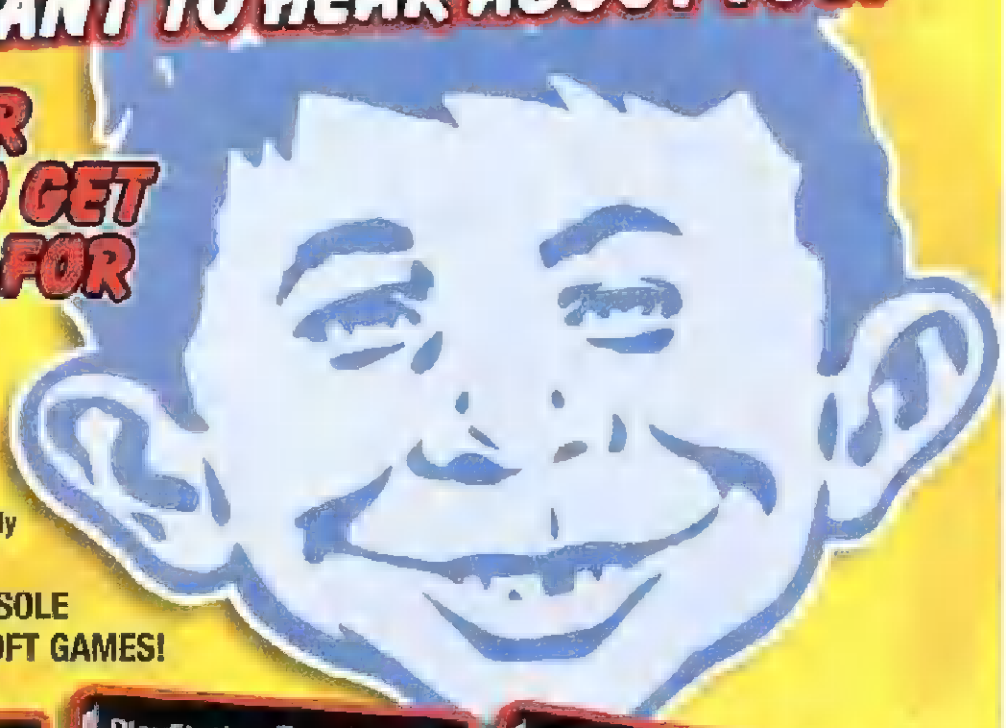
HEY TEENS AND COLLEGE STUDENTS!

(AND THE REST OF YOU CHEAPSKATES!) WE WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOU!



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET SOMETHING FOR FREE!

Go to **www.madmag.com/madsurvey**, answer our stupid questions, and you will be automatically entered into a sweepstakes to win the Grand Prize of a **GAMING CONSOLE** and **A COLLECTION OF UBISOFT GAMES!**

Rules: NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. You may also enter by printing your name, address, telephone number, and e-mail address on a 3 x 5 card. Send to MAD Magazine Survey Sweepstakes c/o Mediamark Research Inc., 75 Ninth Avenue, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10011. Entries must be postmarked by April 1, 2004. Only one entry per person. Open to U.S. residents only. Void where prohibited. A copy of the complete sweepstakes rules is available at www.madmag.com/madsurvey or may be obtained by writing

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KICKING THE HOBBIT DEPT.

BORED OF THE RINGS

Thank Gondor, it's finally over! The first war trilogy that went on longer than the actual war! Why? So that nine hours of digital noodling and countless H-H-o-o-o-n-n-n-g-g-g "meaningful" gazes can be dumped into the DVD along with that damned "aaaaahhh-aaaaahhhh" soundtrack from the castrato choir of the Role Players Church! The problem is, we GOT it already! Everything this movie has to say, it said way back in the first "Fellowship" movie! Next came the jog-in-place "Two Towers," in which not a single character got two inches closer to his goal! It's obvious, we're all...

I'm **Dodo Gaggings**, and I want the **Ring!** I mean, I have to **get rid** of the Ring! No, I **really want the Ring!** No, wait, I **don't want** the Ring! I'm like the Middle-earth **J-Lo!** When this saga **started**, I was a **wide-eyed, wet-faced slobbit** with a **confused expression.** Now, I've got these **two scratches** on my face. In a trilogy this **dumb**, that counts as **major character development!**

I am **Spam, Spam I am**, Dodo's **lifelong friend!** I've stood by **Dodo's** side through **black rider attacks**, through **bitter cold**, through **hunger**, through **unbearable conditions**, through fierce...damn! I can't **WAIT** until somebody starts **Middle earth Friendster** already! I gotta **get out** of here! One more **lifelong friend** like **Dodo** and they'll be **measuring** me for a **4-foot casket!**

Our names is **Golfclub!** Once we was **Cheeseball!** But we **strangles our best friend**, so we could looks our **Precious!** And for **500 years** since,we is being on the trail of the **real killer.** Is **hard** being us! We is one **crazy entity**, but we's divided in **two**, constantly **fighting**. This gimmick provides **TWO annoying characters** you can **hardly understand** for the price of one!

Bow before the **evil** of the **Dark One!** I am **Sorehead**, the **single most powerful creature** in all **Middle-earth!** There's only **one thing** that can **stop** me. A **6,000-gallon vat** of **Visine!**

I'm **Dorc General!** Think I look **scary now?** You should **see** how I look when I **wake up** in the **morning!** Until I hack the **intestines** out of **30 humans** and have my cup of **coffee**, I'm **no good** to **anybody!**

Behold **Gandoof**, the all-powerful **white wizard!** Can I **fly?** Well, no, but I can **ride a horse!** Can I **magically blast** my **enemies?** Well, no, but I can **whack** them with a **big stick!** Am I a **leader of men?** Kind of, **especially** when I shout, "**Run! Retreat!**" Speaking of "**Shout**," that's my **lame-ass magic** for keeping my **robes white** and **clean** in

Elves like myself are **immortal**. The **ebbing** of **time** holds **no meaning** to us. Maybe **that's** why watching **a turtle** slowly pass gas is more **action-packed** than sitting through **my scenes** in this movie! **Both** of them! But there's a **hidden treat** on the *Two Towers* **DVD**. Find the **Easter Egg**, and you can watch a special

The **other elves** ask me, "**Elbow**, do you **fear** the coming **war?**" Are they **kidding?** In just **one year**, I had to act opposite **Liv Tyler** *and* **Keanu Reeves. Death** can't **possibly** come **soon enough!**

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REHASH OF THE THING

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

Joined by my friends, I'm on a quest to claim my rightful throne and be reunited with my true love! Why do I suddenly have the urge to sing "Hakuna Matata"? The crown has passed from such legends as Elendil the Tall, Valandil the Faithful, and Isildur the Swift. And now, me Peppercorn the Unwashed and Unshaven!
I'm Legolamb, the only action hero ever to get called "sissypants" by Clay Aiken! A lot of purists don't like the way I've become some kind of Xtreme skateboard warrior onscreen! But there's not a single moment that isn't 100% in keeping with the original Tolkien books. "Respect the work" is my motto. Now scope me while I railslide into a totally sick crooked grind, and acid drop that dorc's butt!
I'm 3-foot-4 and I carry a 2-foot sword. Think I've got any psychological issues to work out? In the original books, I'm the dignified representative of a dying race. In these movies, I've been dumbed down to a "Tickle Me Gimmick!" who cracks corny jokes. But it's tough to maintain artistic vision when your sightline is right at half a million butts all the time!
That's where you're wrong, Gimmick!! As the director of these films, I don't consider a short, fat, hairy little troll to be the comic relief! To me, you're the sex symbol!
The soldiers say, "Baggybuns, you're too small to join us in hand-to-hand combat!" But they're wrong! I survived several years working as an alter boy!
Fear not, Baggybuns! I shall carry you astride my horse as we ride into battle! Hey, I'm no fool! As long as I've got you sitting up front, you block 80% of the arrows comi
As the king, if I'm going to send my army to get killed, it would be ungallant for me to hide in my safe palace! A true leader must take up the sword and place himself in the same mortal danger as his own people! Now THAT'S why
I'm proud to be a part of what many critics consider a mature masterpiece of storytelling! I play Pimple, a midget who finds a magic ball in the water next to a talking tree, which lets the giant evil eyeball fry my brain. Proud? Um...on second thought, I think I'll tell my children that Daddy works in gay porn!

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All we have to eat is this tasteless dry bread, which is crawling with teeny mealygrubs and wrapped in dirty leaves. Here, you can take mine!
What a pal! What a pal!
Yum! Fishes are much tastier thans slobbit bread! Yeah, and we gets seconds! You fat pig, it's like you're eating for two! Forgets the fish, let's talk about our Precious! We must gets our Preciousss! Shhh! Do you thinkings maybe we should move this conversation more than ten feet away from the slobbits? Nah! What are the chances that somebody with gigantic ears could possibly overhears us?
Poor Cheeseball. I've never seen a creature like him!
Me neither! But his schizophrenic baby talk does remind me a lot of Michael Jackson trying to explain what went on out at Neverland Ranch!
Where's Aspercreme?
Where's who? Oh, you mean the super-evil wizard who created the army to destroy us? The one who almost killed Gandoof? Um, he's up in the tower. Yeah. Up there. That's where he is!
Doesn't it strike anyone as odd that the final fate of the #1 villain in these movies gets totally blown off with an obviously patched-in line of exposition?
Not to me, it doesn't! We've got $35 DVDs to sell! And that's why we shoot a dozen extra scenes for the completist fanboy suckers — I mean, lovers of cinema — to drool over! So if you want to see what I like to call "the lost Aspercreme sequence," be sure to preorder now!
You must relinquish the throne! You are merely the caretaker king! You were never actually chosen to be the true leader!
Yeah, but five-ninths of the Middle-earth Supreme Court picked me, so nyah-nyah-nyah! $300 tax cuts for everybody! Mission accomplished!
I am the Witch-King of Angrymawl Some know me as the Lord of the Fazool! Still others speak of the Greatest of the Nine! But you can call me N. Diddy! Now, follow me to the city of men!
It's unbelievable! 200,000 dorcs marching into battle!
What's really unbelievable is that not one of these hammerheads happens to glance to his right and spot us!
We've lost half our army! The invaders are here! The city is lost!
Hmmm! Maybe that "letting them all run past us" strategy wasn't as sharp as we originally thought!
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Gyaahh!! That horrible, high-pitched dragon shriek! I haven't heard anything like it since I caught Celine Dion's Vegas show!
Gandoof! How did you know that you could chase away the dragons with a beam of light?
My hut has cockroaches! Every time I flick the lights on in the kitchen, they go running! If it works on them, I figure it could work on dragons!
I've put my son's life in mortal danger, just like Steve Irwin the Crocodile Hunter! My phony-baloney kingdom is collapsing! Come, Pimple, sing a soothing song to distract me!
My milkshake... brings all the boys to the yard. And they're like... "It's better than yours." Damn right, it's better than yours. I can teach you, but I have to charge.
Well, I have to admit, that certainly took my mind off things!
Master Dodo, you're listening to Cheeseball, and ordering me to leave?
Yes. I've decided to trust the crazy-eyed, schizophrenic, bald-headed little freak over you, my oldest and dearest friend. It makes perfect sense!
You mean I'm not allowed to climb straight up a sulphurous black mountain anymore? I have to go home? And eat some real food? And sleep in a bed? Hee hee! Oh, um, that was a giggle of sadness!
The horses are restless tonight!
There are half a million lonely soldiers in this movie and just three girls! The horses SHOULD be restless!
Here, Peppercorn! The Sword of Advil has been reforged. You can use this to summon the armies of the dead. Have you any questions?
Yeah, a big one! Why didn't you just tell me the exact same thing, way back in the first movie? Nailhead!
This is a fight we cannot win! We face overpowering odds! Certain doom! And yet, we shall meet them in battle, nonetheless! And do you know what men shall call us?
Yes! Democrats!
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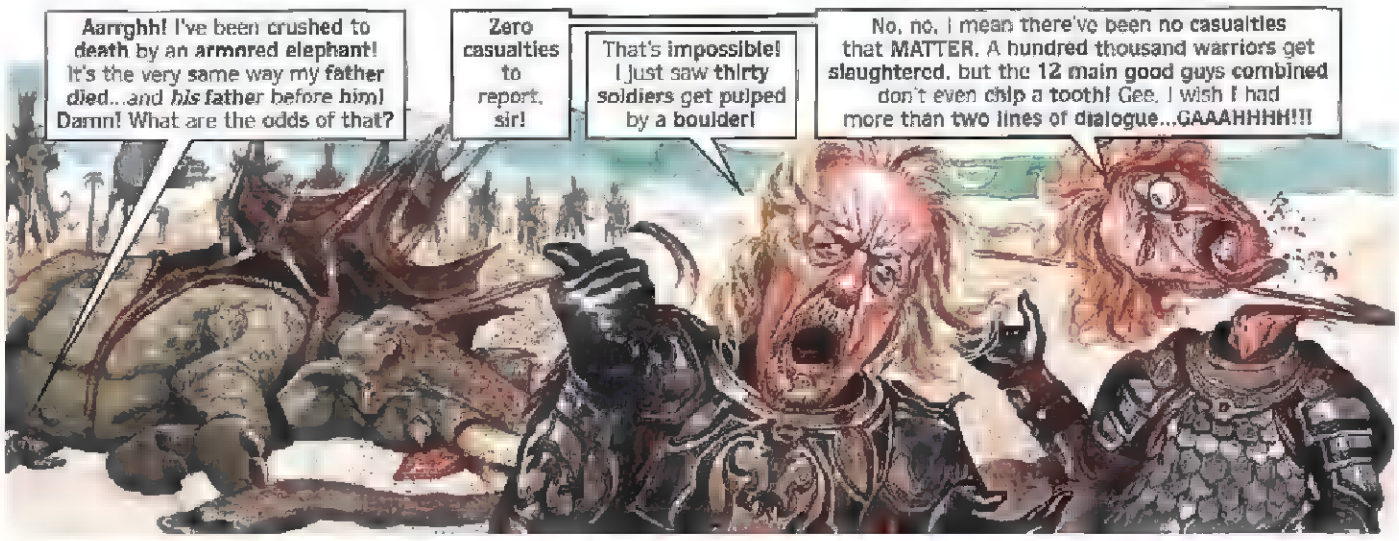
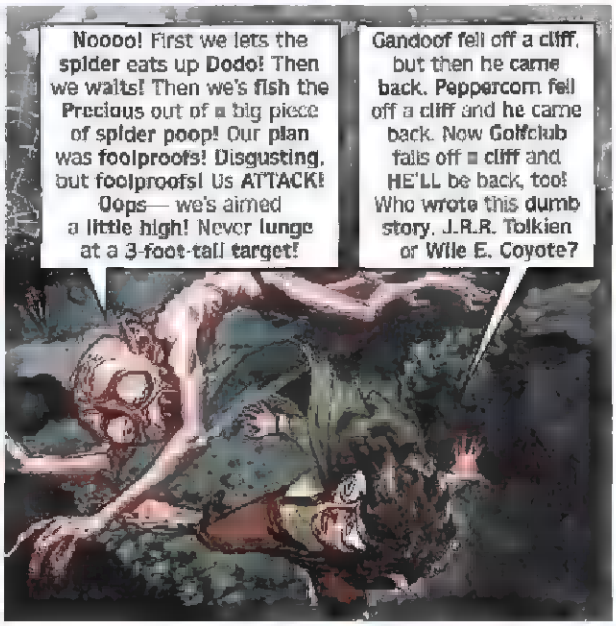
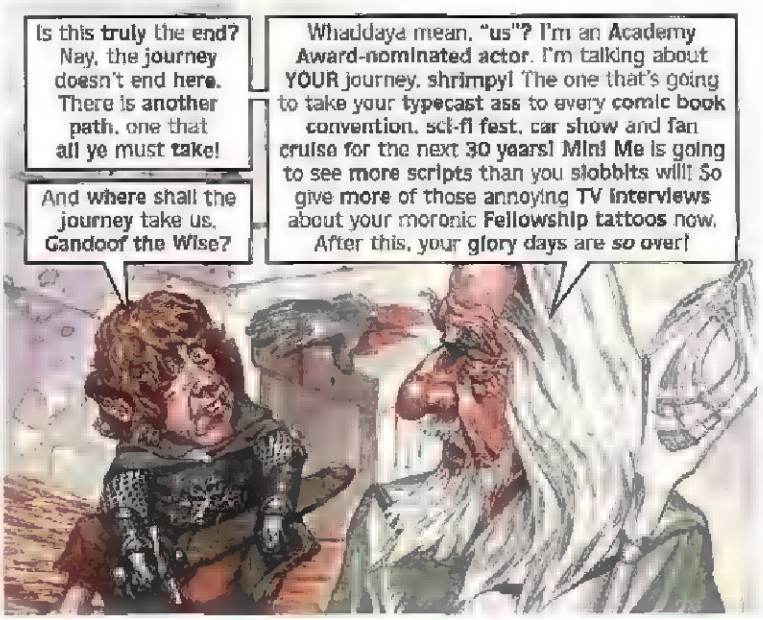
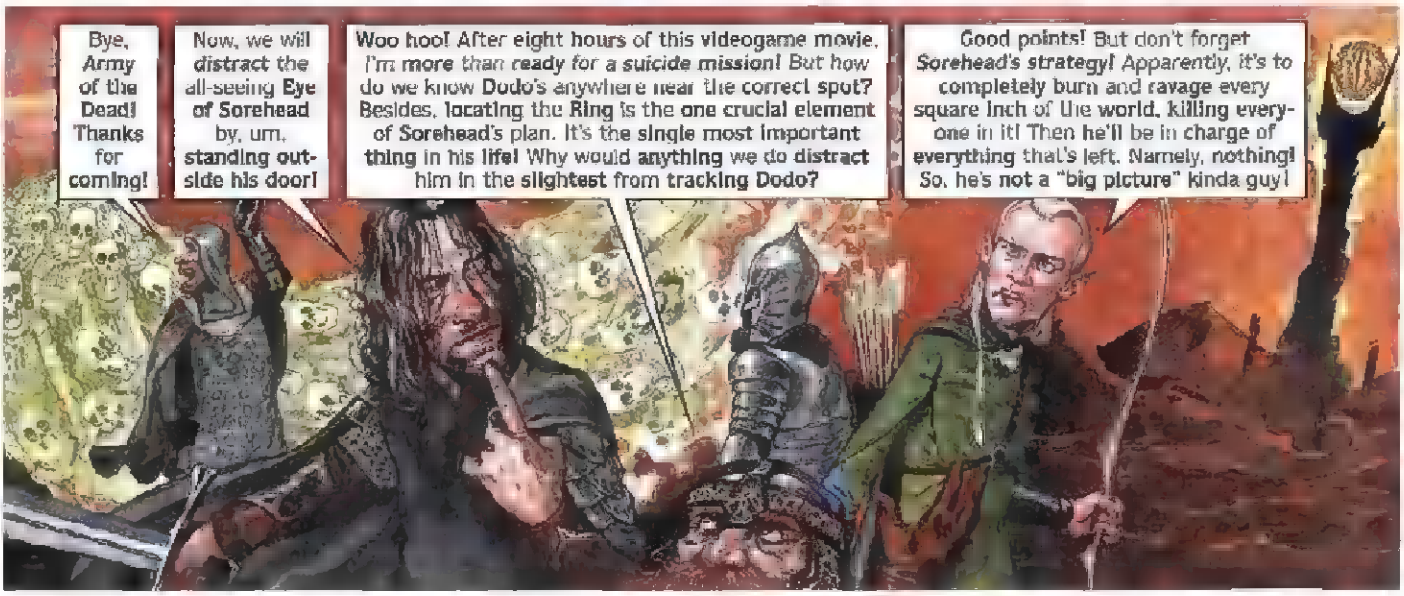

Aarrghh! I've been crushed to death by an armored elephant! It's the very same way my father died...and his father before him! Damn! What are the odds of that?
Zero casualties to report, sir!
That's impossible! I just saw thirty soldiers get pulped by a boulder!
No, no, I mean there've been no casualties that MATTER. A hundred thousand warriors get slaughtered, but the 12 main good guys combined don't even chip a tooth! Gee, I wish I had more than two lines of dialogue...GAAAHHHH!!!


Noooo! First we lets the spider eats up Dodo! Then we waits! Then we's fish the Precious out of a big piece of spider poop! Our plan was foolproofs! Disgusting, but foolproofs! Us ATTACK! Oops— we's aimed a little high! Never lunge at a 3-foot-tall target!
Gandoof fell off a cliff, but then he came back. Peppercorn fell off a cliff and he came back. Now Golfclub falls off a cliff and HE'LL be back, too! Who wrote this dumb story, J.R.R. Tolkien or Wile E. Coyote?


Is this truly the end? Nay, the journey doesn't end here. There is another path, one that all ye must take!
Whaddaya mean, "us"? I'm an Academy Award-nominated actor. I'm talking about YOUR journey, shrimpy! The one that's going to take your typecast ass to every comic book convention, sci-fi fest, car show and fan cruise for the next 30 years! Mini Me is going to see more scripts than you slobbits will! So give more of those annoying TV interviews about your moronic Fellowship tattoos now. After this, your glory days are so over!
And where shall the journey take us, Gandoof the Wise?


Bye, Army of the Dead! Thanks for coming!
Now, we will distract the all-seeing Eye of Sorehead by, um, standing outside his door!
Woo hoo! After eight hours of this videogame movie, I'm more than ready for a suicide mission! But how do we know Dodo's anywhere near the correct spot? Besides, locating the Ring is the one crucial element of Sorehead's plan. It's the single most important thing in his life! Why would anything we do distract him in the slightest from tracking Dodo?
Good points! But don't forget Sorehead's strategy! Apparently, it's to completely burn and ravage every square inch of the world, killing everyone in it! Then he'll be in charge of everything that's left. Namely, nothing! So, he's not a "big picture" kinda guy!

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Whenever we's nervous, we start biting nails. We thinks we'll start with yours!
YEOWWW!!! I've heard of giving somebody the finger, but this is ridiculous!
Cheeseball thought a ring would solve his problems, but he still wound up being destroyed. Just like Kobe!
All right, so maybe it's wrong to stand here, smiling, watching three midgets in the same bed, bouncing on top of each other in slow motion. Just be glad I'm wearing these long, roomy robes!
Enjoy yourself, freak! As for me, I've got a throne and a beautiful female elf, and I'm going to climb on both of them!
Sure, she's hot now, dude. But she's still only 2,778 years old. Watch out, Peppercorn! Elf chicks tend to "hit the wall" by their 2,800th birthday!
And now, you shall be known as Queen of the Elves!
Not as long as Legolamb's around!
I'm going to put my hands around two pints, one way or the other!
Wait! Peppercorn just got to be King! Everybody bowed down to us! Wasn't THAT supposed to be the ending?
It *should've* been, yeah! But we just couldn't leave this part out. Finally, after three years of swords and rings and dragons, SOMEBODY finally gets some action!
Hold on! Apparently *that* wasn't the ending, either! How long does this go on?
Most movies these days are 100 minutes, tops. This puppy just clocked 9 hours! So we deserve about six endings!
I hope the screenwriter does a better job with this story than Billboard and I did with these books!
Must leave. Forever. Boat. Why? No idea. No explanation. Very sad!
Last night, during sex, why did you call me "Master Dodo"?
Looks like Gandoof's not the only one around here with a beard!
Three movies! Six endings! Nice editing job, fatboy! And they calls *US* schizo!

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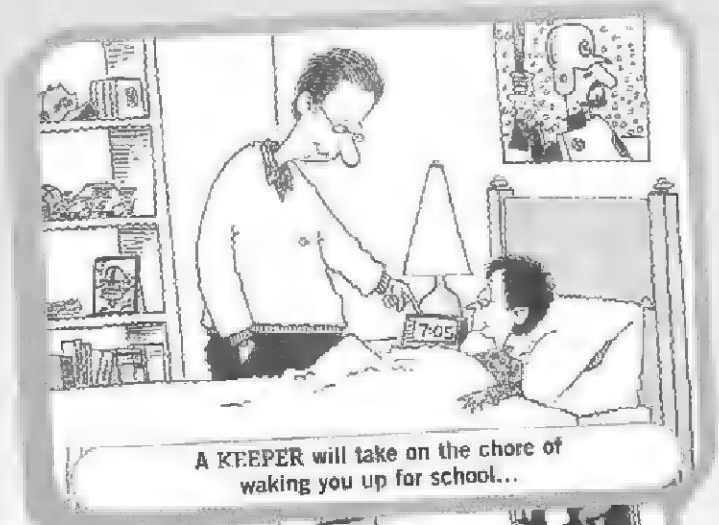
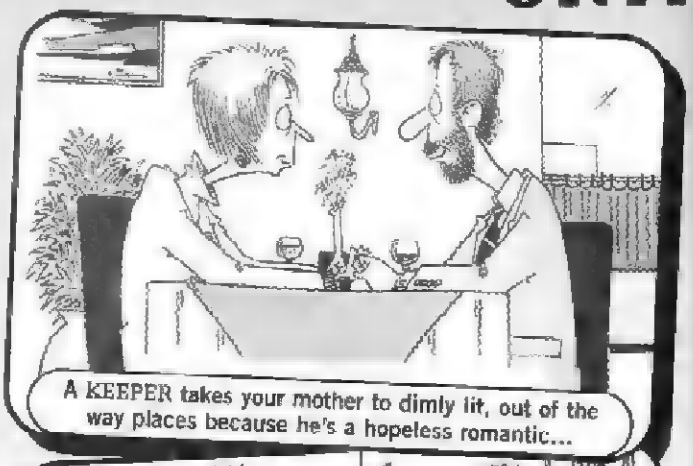
CHOOSE YOUR DADDY DEPT.

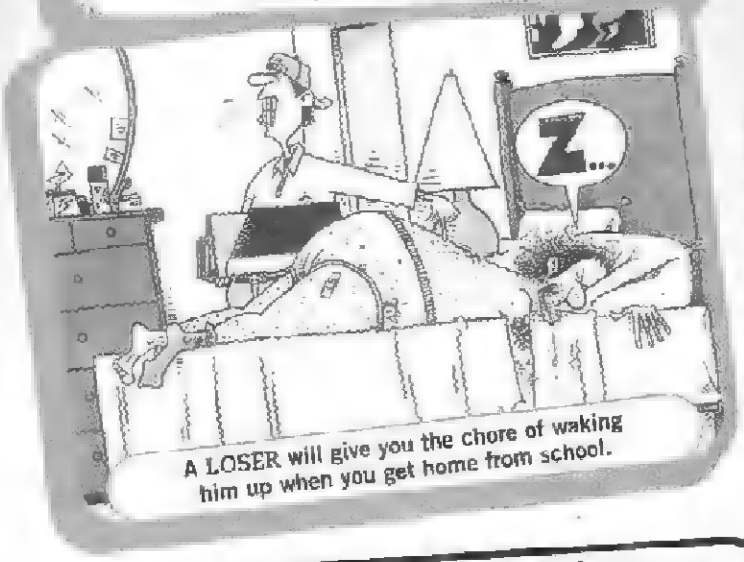
If you thought your life was shot to hell when your parents got a divorce, just wait till you see the parade of mutants that come a-knockin' to ask your mom out! At least you can take an active role in screening potential new step-pappys by examining...

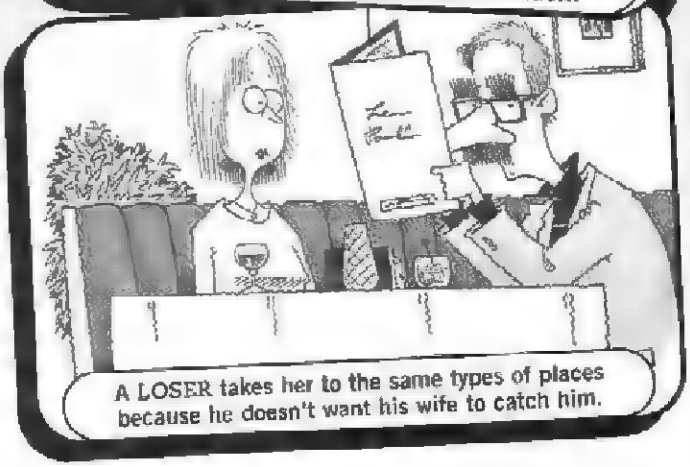
JOHN CALDWELL'S

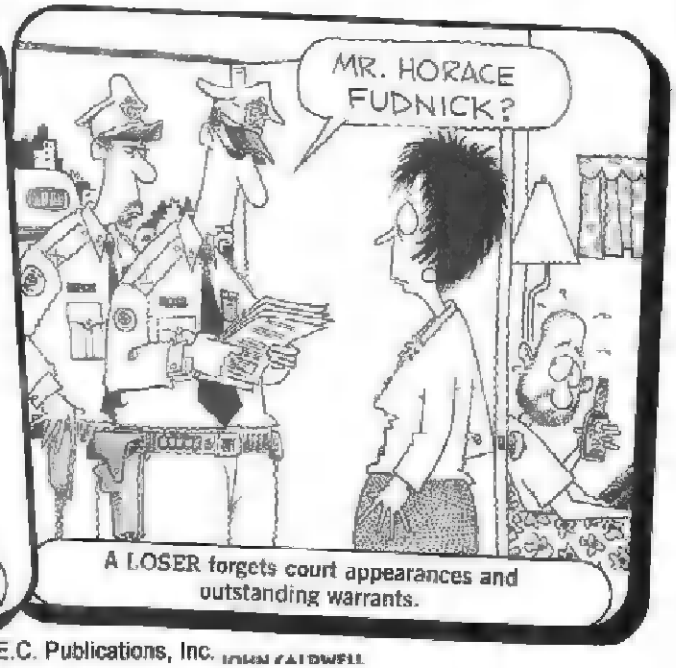
IS YOUR MOM'S A KEEPER... OR A











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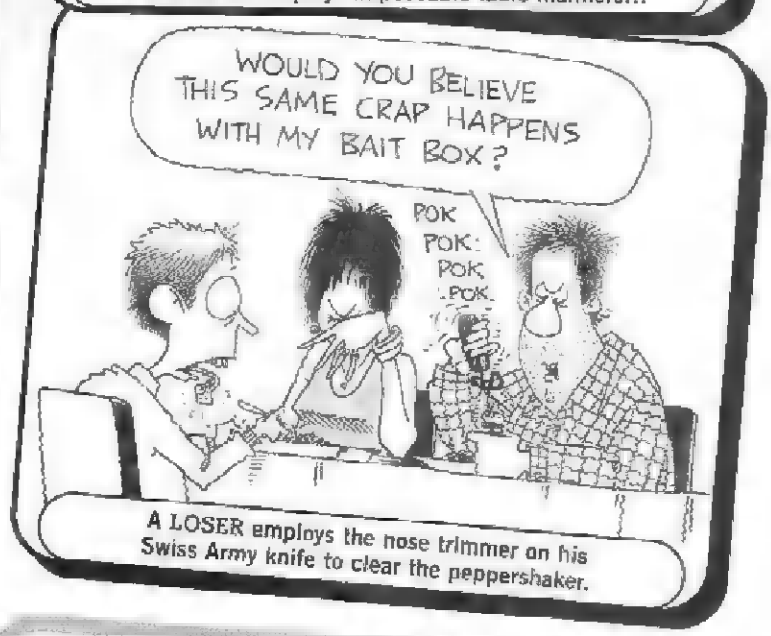
NEW BOYFRIEND LOSER?

A KEEPER will give you something personal to cherish...

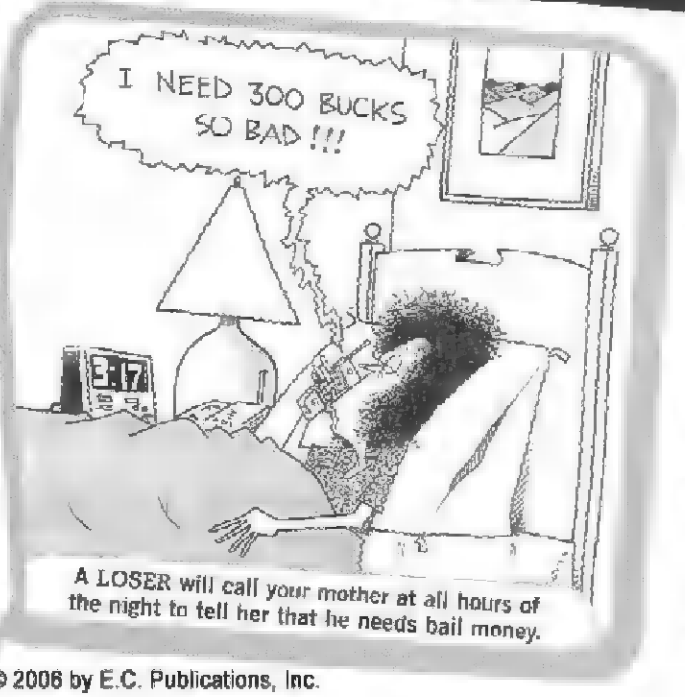
A LOSER will give you something personal to flush down the toilet when the heat is on.

A KEEPER employs impeccable table manners...



A LOSER employs the nose trimmer on his Swiss Army knife to clear the peppershaker.

A KEEPER will call your mother at all hours of the day to tell her that he loves her...



A LOSER will call your mother at all hours of the night to tell her that he needs bail money.

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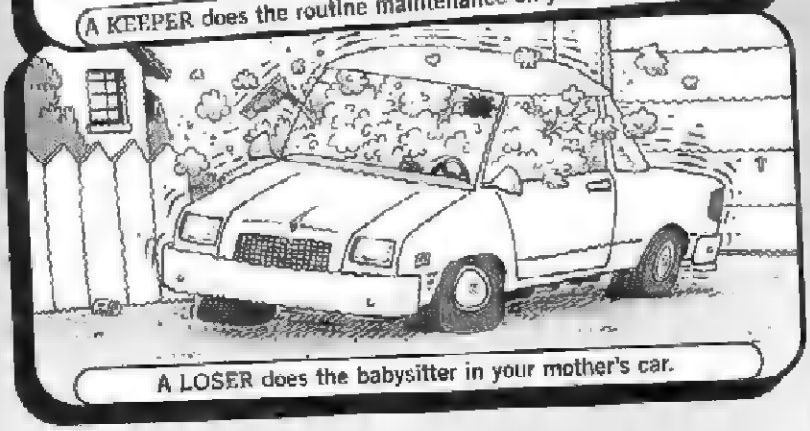
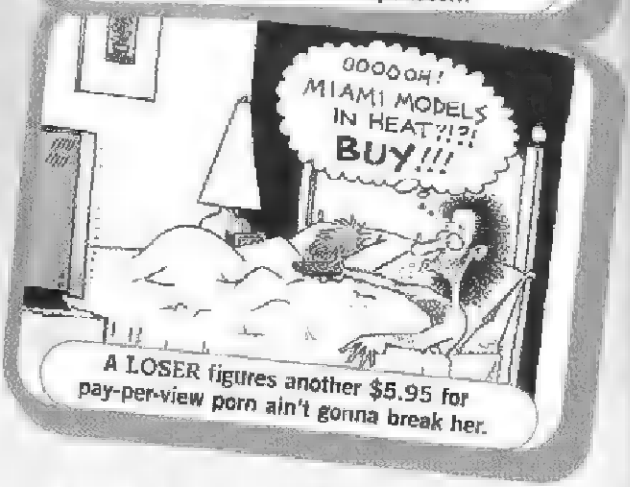
A KEEPER does the routine maintenance on your mother's car...

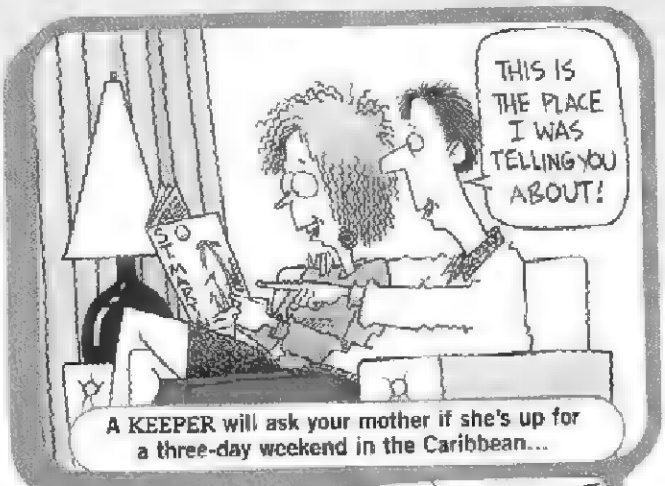


A LOSER does the babysitter in your mother's car.

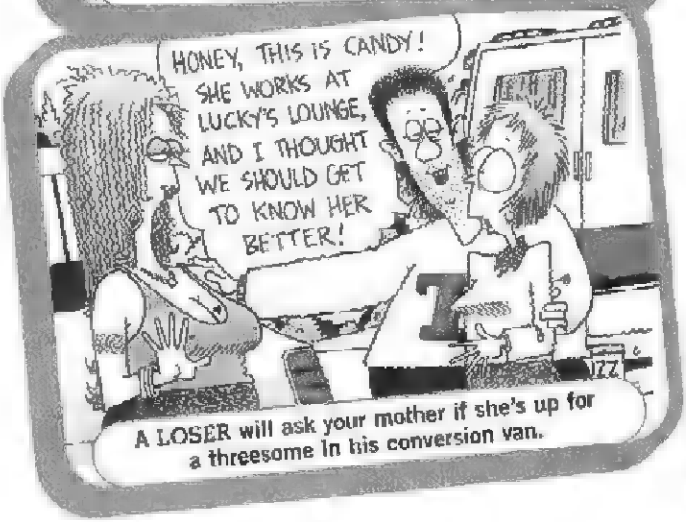
A KEEPER generously offers to help out with household expenses...



A LOSER figures another $5.95 for pay-per-view porn ain't gonna break her.



A KEEPER will ask your mother if she's up for a three-day weekend in the Caribbean...



A LOSER will ask your mother if she's up for a threesome in his conversion van.

MAD'S HANDY CLIP-AND-SAVE NEW BOYFRIEND COMPARISON CHART

CONTENTS OF WALLET

KEEPER	LOSER
Some ready cash, platinum card and family photos	Some ready hash, somebody's platinum card and some polaroids of a B-level porn star

GIVES YOUR MOTHER

KEEPER	LOSER
Jewelry and flowers	Herpes

BOXERS OR BRIEFS?

KEEPER	LOSER
"None of your business, thank you."	"Don't know, I haven't looked in five days."

LAST THREE CELL PHONE CALLS MADE

KEEPER	LOSER
Confirm lunch, check with stockbroker, theater reservations	Confirm stuff is pure, check in with parole officer, ex-wife death threats

IS IN THE KEY DEMOGRAPHIC TARGET GROUP FOR

KEEPER	LOSER
Mutual funds, vacation real estate and luxury cars	Scratch-off lottery tickets, WWE merchandise and Chia Pets

TO IMPRESS YOUR MOM ON A DATE HE

KEEPER	LOSER
Will order in French	Will supersize the whole damn shootin' match

A FORMAL NIGHT OUT MEANS

KEEPER	LOSER
Break out the tux	Rinse out the AC/DC tour tee

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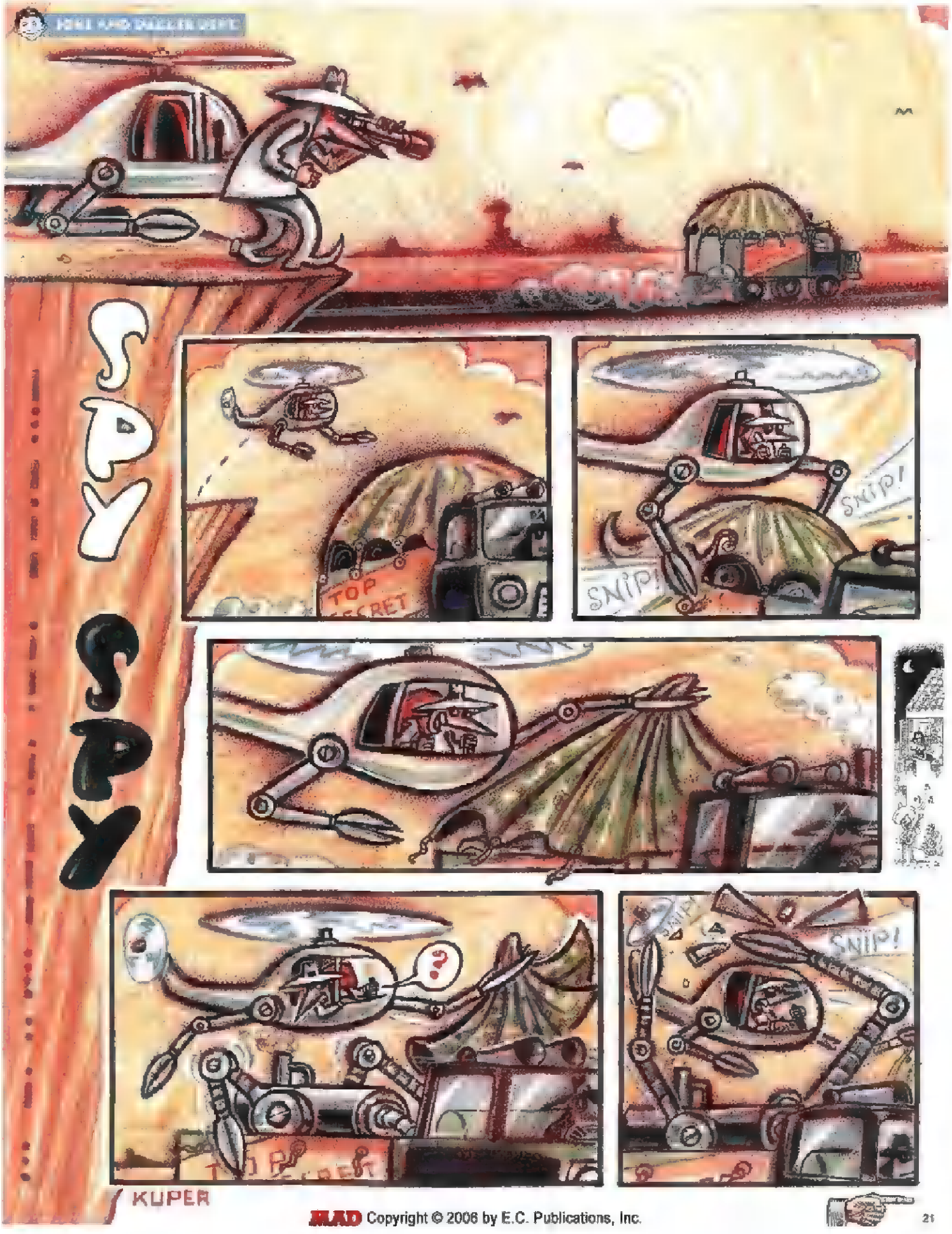

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15 NATIONS.
9 NUCLEAR POWERS.
1 WELL-ORGANIZED TERRORIST GROUP.
Out of Oil
ABDULLAH
Saudi Arabia
MOAMMAR
Libya
HAMID
Afghanistan
TONY
England
JACQUES
France
GEORGE
USA
KIM
North Korea
ALI
Iran
OUTSHOOT
OUTGAS
SURVIVOR
WORLD LEADERS
OUTBOMB
NUCLEAR STILE STANDOFF CHALLENGE!
WORLD
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WRITER: JOE RAIOLA

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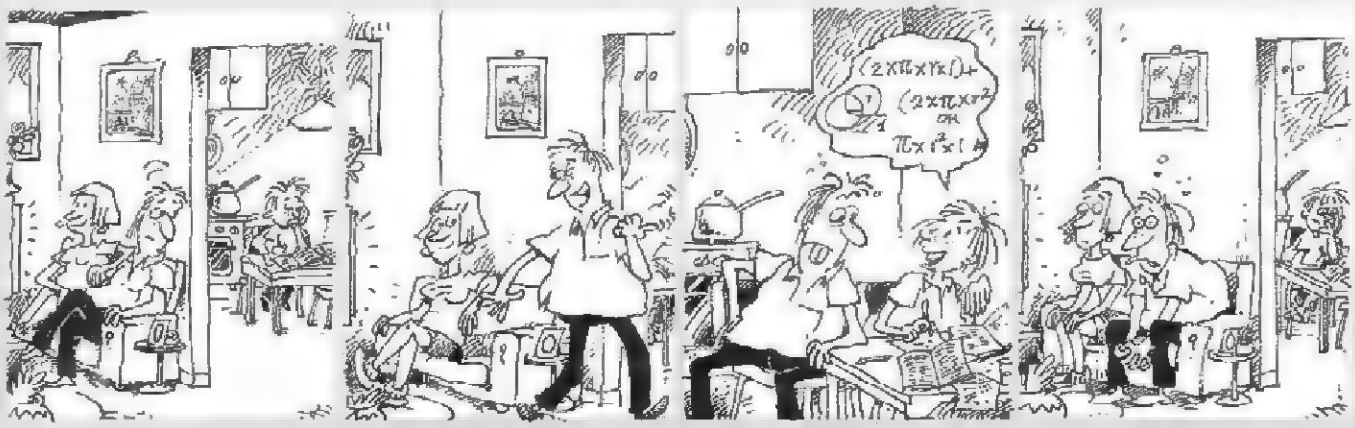
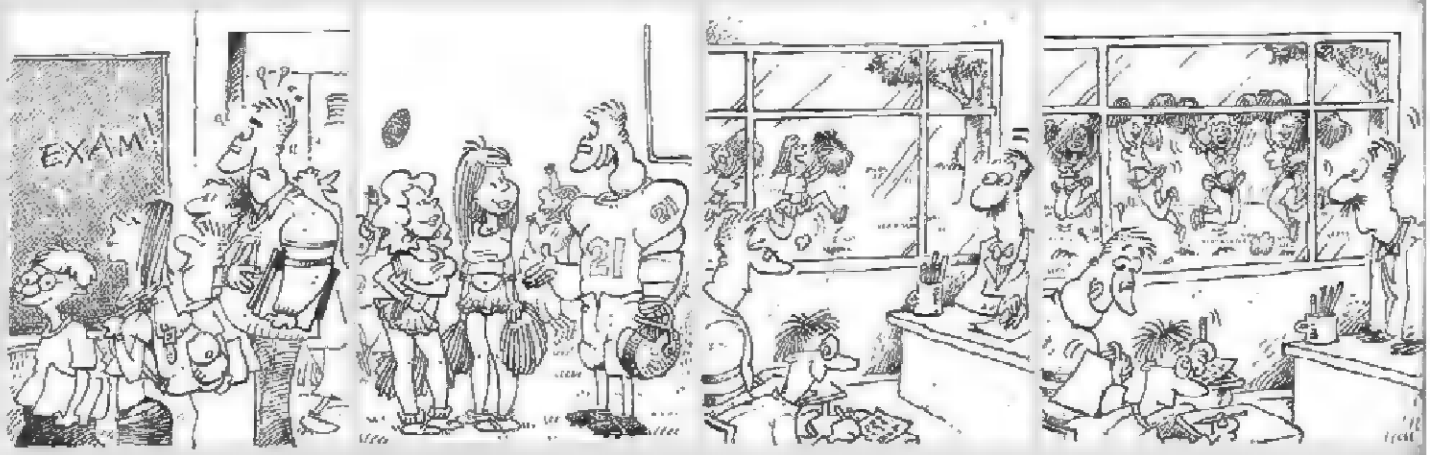
Sergio Aragonés presents a MAD look





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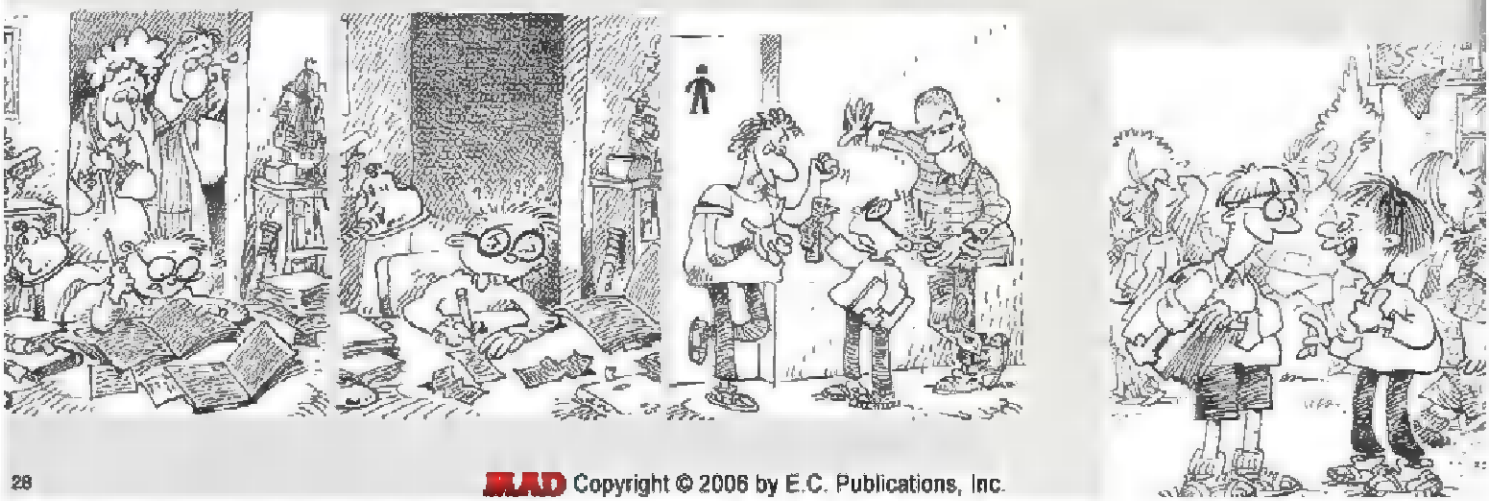

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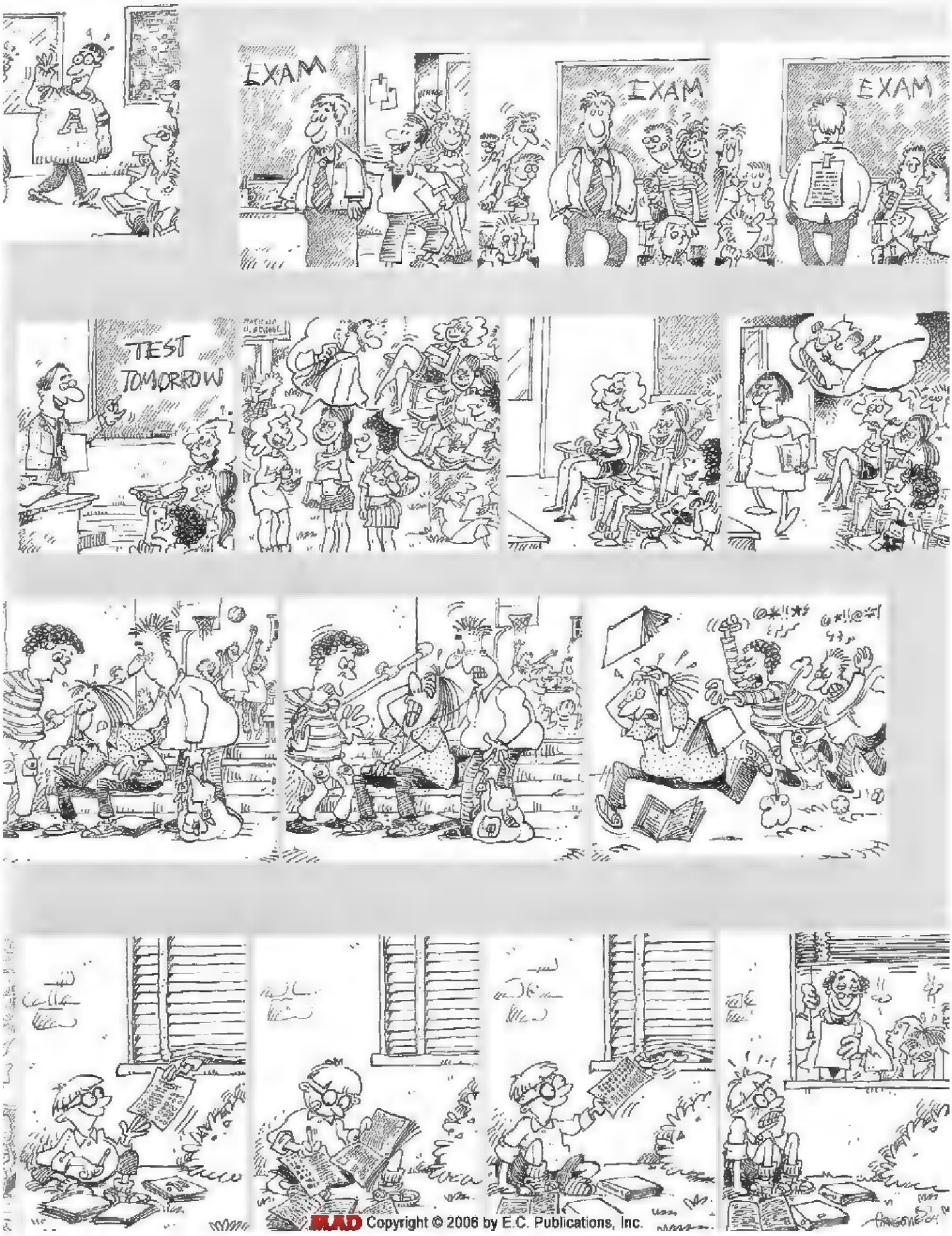

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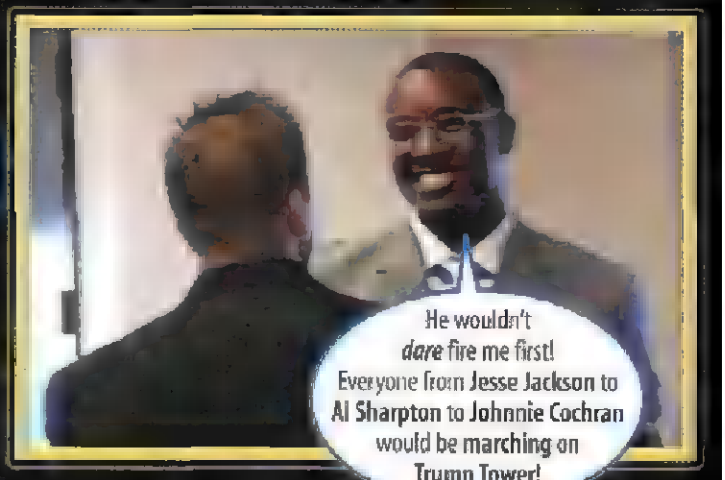
DONALD YUCK DEPT.

MAD's TRUMPED-UP SCENES FROM THE APPRENTICE

Now, when I was starting out, there was no one to hand me anything on a silver platter — well, unless you count my Dad, one of the biggest land developers on Long Island!


He wouldn't dare fire me first! Everyone from Jesse Jackson to Al Sharpton to Johnnie Cochran would be marching on Trump Tower!

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I love hanging out with Donald! He's the only person in the world who makes my hair look good!
The Powerball Lottery jackpot is way, WAY up there! If Trump Industries were to go out and buy 100,000,000 tickets...
That's a hysterical joke, sir! And I think I speak for Nick here when I say we'd be laughing just as hard if you COULDN'T buy and sell our asses a million times over!
Who cares about becoming his apprentice? I'm here to fill the "Ivana" vacancy!
I told him I'm a "people person." He said "Good! I'll put you in charge of evicting people from rent-controlled apartments I want to convert to condominiums!"
Look how far I have to walk from here to the curb! You're FIRED!

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Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

I WAS DOING SOME PLUMBING REPAIR WORK IN MY APARTMENT WHEN SUDDENLY A PIPE BURST.

I HAD NO IDEA THIS APARTMENT COULD HOLD SO MUCH WATER.

HOME PLUMBING

THINGS WERE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE, SO I DECIDED TO CALL THE SUPER.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYING. YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE UNDERWATER OR SOMETHING.

I HAD NO IDEA MY LUNGS COULD HOLD SO MUCH WATER.

TWO MONTHS LATER I WOKE UP FROM WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD ME WAS A COMA.

WE HAVE QUITE A BED SHORTAGE AT THIS TIME SO I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND WE'VE BUNKED YOU WITH A GUY WE THINK MIGHT BE DEAD. WE'RE WAITING FOR THE TEST RESULTS.

I THINK HIS CATHETER SPRANG A LEAK.

WHAT AN IDIOT, I'M IN A COMA TOO.

EVENTUALLY I WAS TAKEN TO A REHAB UNIT SO I COULD BEGIN TO GET BACK THE USE OF MY LIMBS.

YOU'LL NEVER GET BETTER IF YOU KEEP USING ALL YOUR ENERGY TO LOOK DOWN MY BLOUSE AT MY FIRM YET SUPPLE BREASTS.

I WONDER IF THE SUPER EVER CALLED ME BACK?

AFTER I PAID MY BILL AND LEFT, WHO DID I MEET ON THE STREET BUT THE SUPER.

HEY DUKE, I THINK I FINALLY FOUND SOMETHING I REALLY LIKE TO DO. HAWKING USED GOODS.

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE STUFF THAT USED TO BE IN MY APARTMENT.

A FEW MONTHS LATER THE E.P.A. INFORMED ME THAT ALL OF THE LEAD AND ASBESTOS THAT LEACHED OUT OF MY WALLS WAS PUSHED BACK IN AND COVERED WITH A FRESH COAT OF PAINT AND IT WAS SAFE TO MOVE BACK IN.

NONE OF THAT CRAP OF YOURS WAS WORTH ANYTHING, SO I'M BACK TO BEING THE SUPER.

NUTS – I THINK THEY FORGOT TO TAKE MY CATHETER OUT.

P.C. VEY

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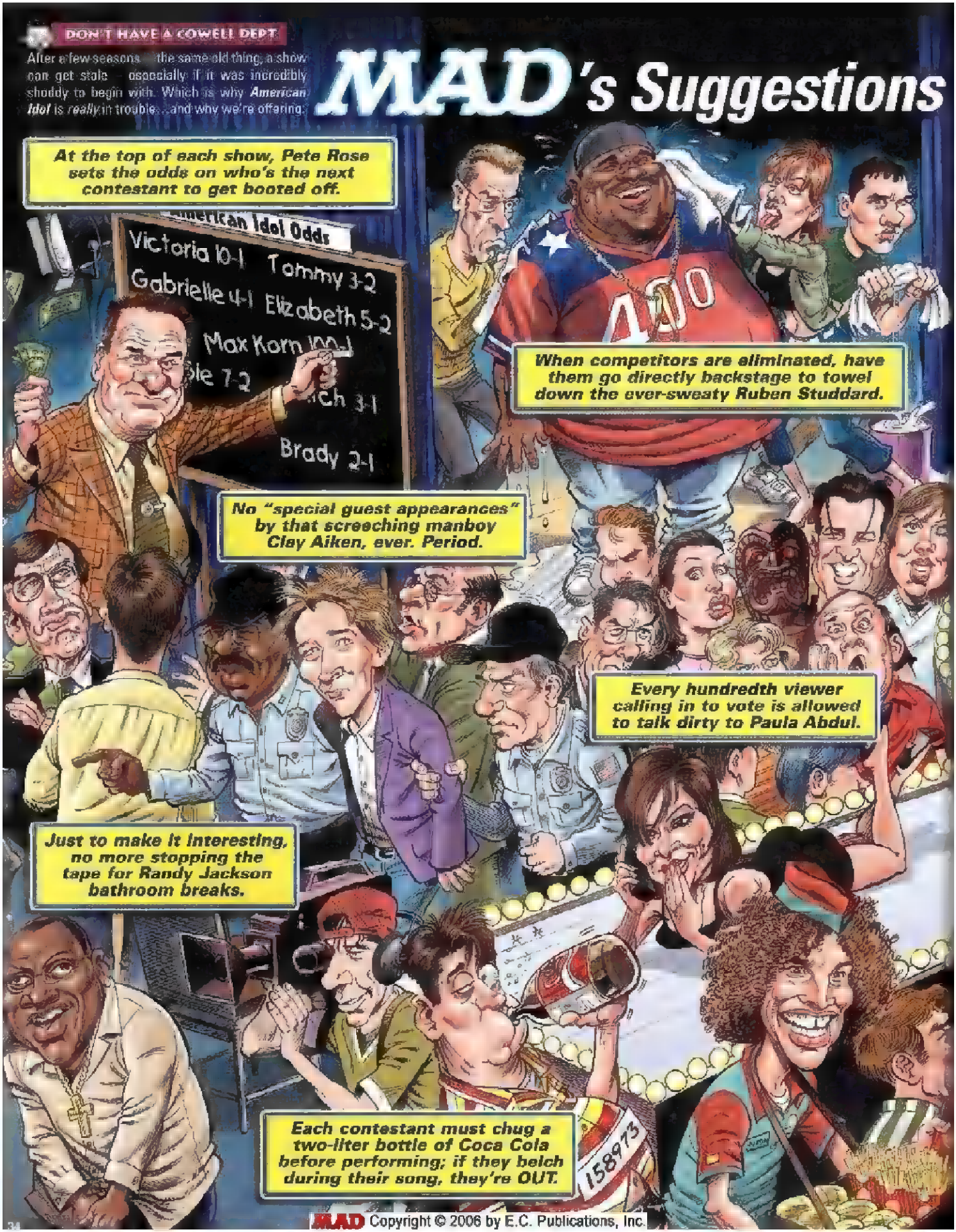
DON'T HAVE A COWELL DEPT

After a few seasons — the same old thing, a show can get stale — especially if it was incredibly shoddy to begin with. Which is why *American Idol* is *really* in trouble... and why we're offering:

MAD's Suggestions


At the top of each show, Pete Rose sets the odds on who's the next contestant to get booted off.
American Idol Odds
Victoria 10-1
Tommy 3-2
Gabrielle 4-1
Elizabeth 5-2
Brady 2-1
When competitors are eliminated, have them go directly backstage to towel down the ever-sweaty Ruben Studdard.
No "special guest appearances" by that screeching manboy Clay Aiken, ever. Period.
Every hundredth viewer calling in to vote is allowed to talk dirty to Paula Abdul.
Just to make it interesting, no more stopping the tape for Randy Jackson bathroom breaks.
Each contestant must chug a two-liter bottle of Coca Cola before performing; if they belch during their song, they're OUT.
158973

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For Improving American Idol
ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND
WRITER: GREG LEITMAN
During bad performances, new animated character, Rupie The Owl, suddenly appears to screech "HOOO BOY! HOOO BOY!"
Lift the highly discriminatory three-year ban on ventriloquists.
In accordance with President Bush's new immigration policy, Mexican illegals are now allowed to compete.
Once crowned, the winner is permitted to kidney-punch Ryan Seacrest.
Goodbye Simon Cowell; hello Gollum.
GOODBYE MY PRECIOUS!
JERK
Entire studio audience is treated to Whoppers and fries from the nearby Burger King where Justin Guarini works.
To complete his humiliation at the hands of the U.S., force Saddam Hussein to sing an a cappella version of "God Bless America" at the end of each show.
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ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPT.

Life's a beach... with a swimsuit full of sand. It's...

Monroe and...

PREVIOUSLY ON SURVIVOR JR.: MONROE GOT SOME ADVICE FROM SUPERSTAR SURVIVOR, RUPERT BONEHAM.
RUPERT, YOU WERE THE MOST POPULAR SURVIVOR EVER. HOW CAN I GET AMERICA TO Love me?
MOVE TO CANADA.
AND A TRIBAL MERGER BROUGHT ALL SIDES TOGETHER.
ONE THING WE CAN ALL AGREE ON—AFTER THE GAME, THAT CREEPY LITTLE TWERP SHOULD BE LEFT ON THE ISLAND!
YOU'RE RIGHT. SOME CREATURES AREN'T MEANT FOR CIVILIZATION!
AND NOW, THE THRILLING CONCLUSION...
JUST A HANDFUL OF SURVIVORS LEFT. HOW DOES EVERYONE FEEL?
I'M JUST PUMPED TO STILL BE HERE!
IT'S BEEN AN AWESOME TEST OF WILL!
THE MOST REWARDING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE!
MY TONGUE FEELS LIKE CRUSHED GLASS.
UMM...OKAY, WITH AN EMPTY BUCKET IT LOOKS LIKE...MONROE WINS IMMUNITY!
BOGUS!!
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO EMPTY THE BUCKET, NOT DRINK IT!
RELAX. HE GOT SEA MADNESS OUT OF IT. JUST MAKE THE BEST OF THE SITUATION.
My Lord, Duke of Britannia, I am at your service.
TWO MORE PIÑA COLADAS, SQUIRE!
I fetch them with haste.
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.
THIS TRIBAL COUNCIL WILL DETERMINE THE FINAL THREE. MONROE HAS IMMUNITY AND SEEMS TO BE GAINING BACK WHAT LITTLE SANITY HE HAD.
REST UP, FINAL THREE. TOMORROW TWO OF YOU WILL BE THE FINAL SURVIVORS.
HOW ABOUT WE MOVE IT UP A DAY AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE?
PSST! MONROE, I'VE ALREADY DECIDED—I'M VOTING OUT PABLO AND TAKING YOU WITH ME TO THE FINAL TWO.
Sweet!
WAIT! I'M TAKING HIM WITH ME TO THE FINAL TWO!
GUYS, GUYS, THIS IS ALL VERY FLATTERING, YOU BOTH FIGHTING OVER ME AND ALL...
RIGHT! WE BOTH WANT TO GO UP AGAINST YOU BECAUSE WE KNOW NOBODY ON THE JURY WOULD EVER VOTE FOR YOU.
OH... I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.

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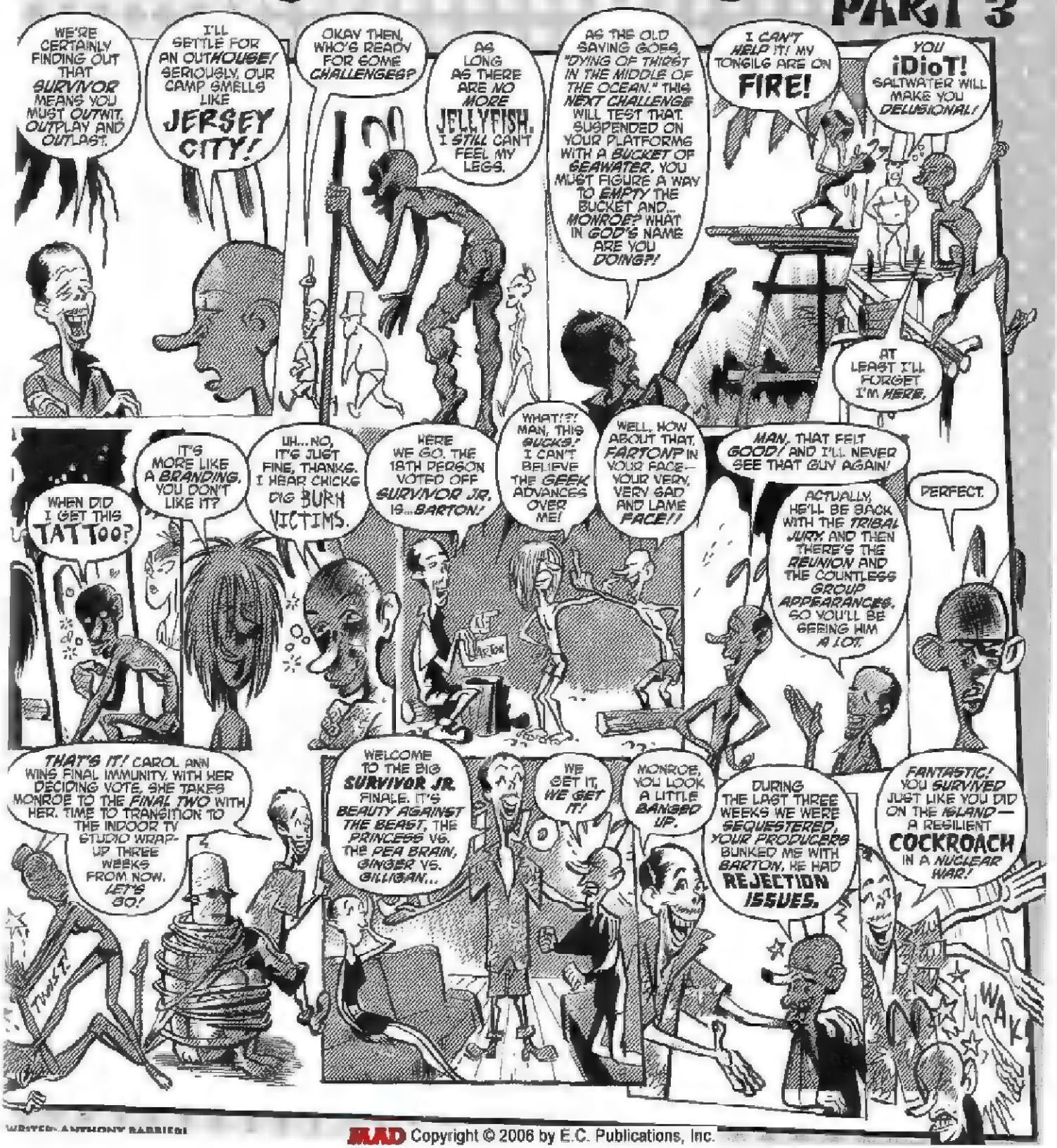
ARTIST: BILL WRAY

SURVIVOR JR. PART 3


WE'RE CERTAINLY FINDING OUT THAT SURVIVOR MEANS YOU MUST OUTWIT, OUTPLAY AND OUTLAST.
I'LL SETTLE FOR AN OUTHOUSE! SERIOUSLY, OUR CAMP SMELLS LIKE JERSEY CITY!
OKAY THEN, WHO'S READY FOR SOME CHALLENGES?
AS LONG AS THERE ARE NO MORE JELLYFISH. I STILL CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS.
AS THE OLD SAYING GOES, "DYING OF THIRST IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN." THIS NEXT CHALLENGE WILL TEST THAT. SUSPENDED ON YOUR PLATFORMS WITH A BUCKET OF SEAWATER, YOU MUST FIGURE A WAY TO EMPTY THE BUCKET AND... MONROE? WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU DOING?!
I CAN'T HELP IT! MY TONGUE ARE ON FIRE!
YOU iDioT! SALTWATER WILL MAKE YOU DELUSIONAL!
AT LEAST I'LL FORGET I'M HERE.
WHEN DID I GET THIS TATTOO?
IT'S MORE LIKE A BRANDING. YOU DON'T LIKE IT?
UH... NO, IT'S JUST FINE, THANKS. I HEAR CHICKS DIG BURN VICTIMS.
HERE WE GO. THE 18TH PERSON VOTED OFF SURVIVOR JR. IS... BARTON!
WHAT!?! MAN, THIS SUCKS! I CAN'T BELIEVE THE GEEK ADVANCES OVER ME!
WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT. FARTON! IN YOUR FACE— YOUR VERY, VERY SAD AND LAME FACE!!
MAN, THAT FELT GOOD! AND I'LL NEVER SEE THAT GUY AGAIN!
ACTUALLY, HE'LL BE BACK WITH THE TRIBAL JURY, AND THEN THERE'S THE REUNION AND THE COUNTLESS GROUP APPEARANCES. SO YOU'LL BE SEEING HIM A LOT.
PERFECT.
THAT'S IT! CAROL ANN WINS FINAL IMMUNITY. WITH HER DECIDING VOTE, SHE TAKES MONROE TO THE FINAL TWO WITH HER. TIME TO TRANSITION TO THE INDOOR TV STUDIO WRAP-UP THREE WEEKS FROM NOW. LET'S GO!
TRUST!
WELCOME TO THE BIG SURVIVOR JR. FINALE. IT'S BEAUTY AGAINST THE BEAST, THE PRINCESS VS. THE PEA BRAIN, GINGER VS. GILLIGAN...
WE GET IT. WE GET IT!
MONROE, YOU LOOK A LITTLE BANGED UP.
DURING THE LAST THREE WEEKS WE WERE SEQUESTERED, YOUR PRODUCERS BUNKED ME WITH BARTON. HE HAD REJECTION ISSUES.
FANTASTIC! YOU SURVIVED JUST LIKE YOU DID ON THE ISLAND— A RESILIENT COCKROACH IN A NUCLEAR WAR!
WAK

WRITER: ANTHONY BARRESI

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MONROE
ALL OF AMERICA HAS BEEN WATCHING, AND THEY ECHO ONE THING: FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, DON'T LET THE GOLLUM KID GET THE HALF MILLION. THE TRIBE HAS SPOKEN AND THEY AGREE— THE WINNER IS CAROL ANN!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!! PLAYBOY, HERE I COME!
GIVE IT TIME, KIDDO, YOU'LL GET THERE! AND MONROE, WE'RE NOT SENDING YOU OFF EMPTY-HANDED! HERE'S A 2001 PONTIAC AZTEC SIGNED BY THE ENTIRE CAST OF SURVIVOR: AUSTRALIA!
IT'S GOT 300,000 MILES ON IT. IS THIS A USED RENTAL CAR?
EXACTLY! LIKE YOU, IT'S A BEAT-UP SURVIVOR!
CRACK A FAT MATE
DEILO! BLOODY WOG
RIPPED TOO
AT LEAST I MADE IT TO NUMBER TWO, HUH, GUYS?
KID, YOU'VE ALWAYS SMELLED LIKE NUMBER TWO TO ME.
WHY ARE WE DRIVING THE REFRIGERATOR?
HEY, IT'S GOT A PULL-OUT BED! THIS COULD HAVE BEEN MY OFFICE ON WHEELS DURING THE EIGHTIES!
SAY, THAT BED MIGHT COME IN HANDY FOR SWISH FAMILY ROBINSON OVER THERE.
HUH?
IN CASE YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR NEW ROOMMATE...
MY WHAT?
WITH YOU OFF PLAYING NATURE BOY, NOT KICKING IN YOUR SHARE, WE RENTED YOUR ROOM OUT TO A DRIFTER FOR SOME UNDER-THE-TABLE Cha-Ching!
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
YOU'LL LIKE HIM. HE SMELLS LIKE HE'S BEEN ON AN ISLAND, TOO.
OH... AND WHEN YOU'RE IN HIS ROOM, DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING. HE HATES THAT!
FINE, I'LL JUST SLEEP IN THE AZTEC.
HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
WELCOME HOME!
THE TRIBE HAS SPOKEN.
CLICK!
TONY B. & BILL WRAY

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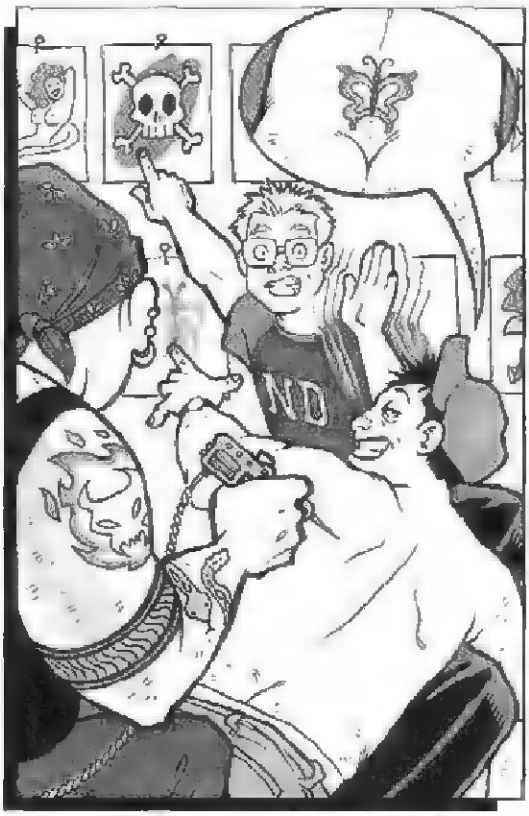
Once again it's the time of year when both America's brightest minds and dimmest bulbs travel across the country in a debauched orgy of bad behavior, uncivil conduct and pointless craziness! No, we're not talking about the presidential primaries, we're talking about Spring Break! It was at the last Spring Break we attended that a good friend said to us, "The well-mannered Spring Breaker is a happy Spring Breaker" — just before passing out in a pool of his own sick. It is with that image in mind that we proudly present...

MAD's Etiquette Guide to SPRING BREAK

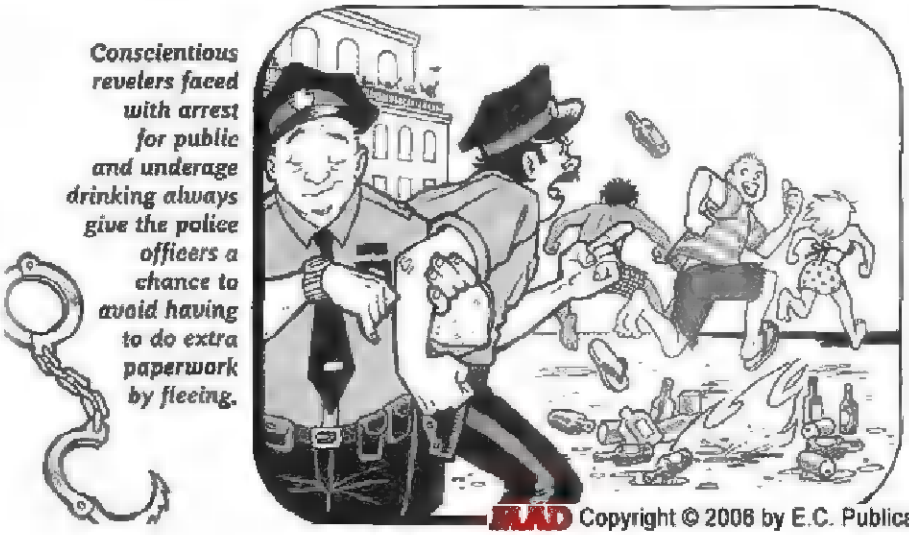
ARTIST: AMANDA CONNER
WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO

Empty deposit bottles may be left in lieu of hotel housekeeping tips provided they are not covered in vomit.



The straight-thinking Spring Breaker waits until the last minute, but eventually dissuades his smashed male friends from getting butterflies tattooed on the small of their backs.

Conscientious revelers faced with arrest for public and underage drinking always give the police officers a chance to avoid having to do extra paperwork by fleeing.



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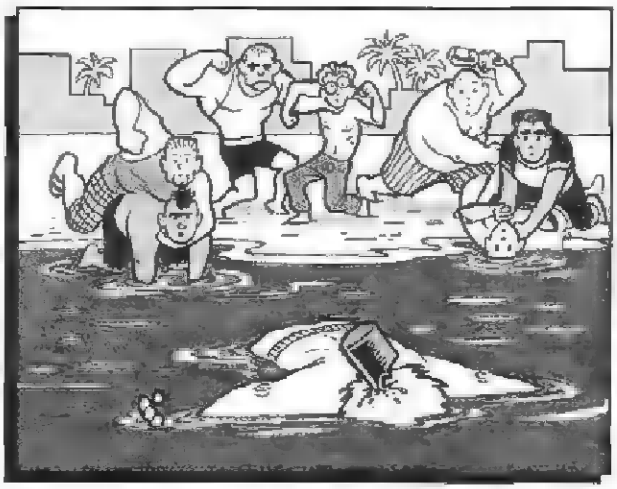
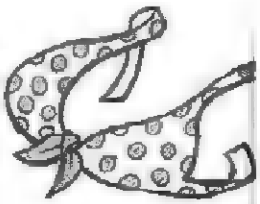
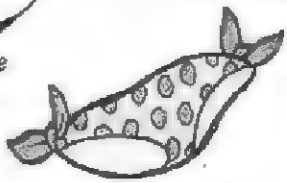
MAD's Etiquette Guide to SPRING BREAK



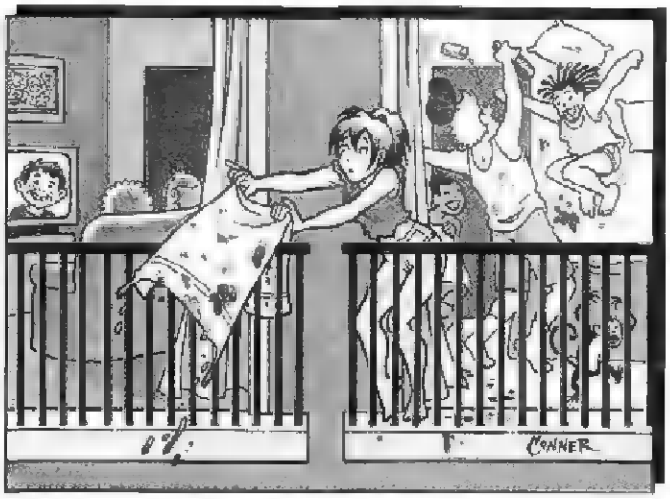
Beach brawls resulting from college football rivalries should be ended as soon as the first participant drowns.



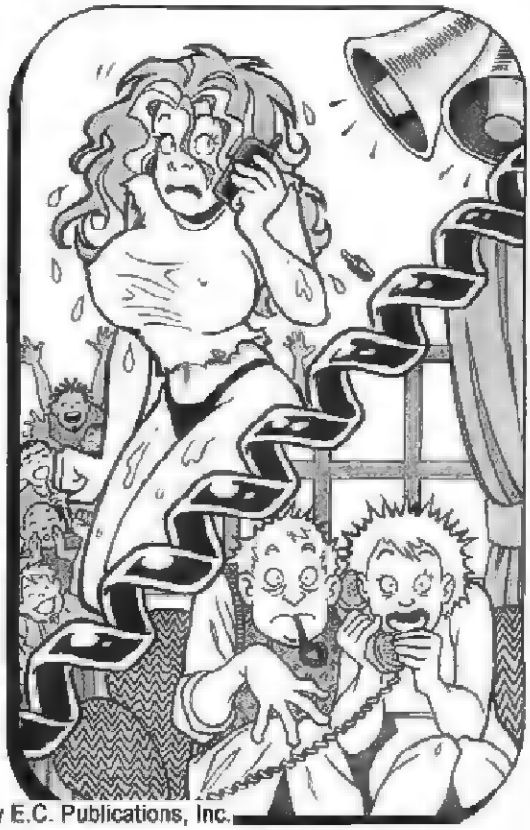
It is highly recommended that at least one person in your group know how to say in Spanish, "Where is the hospital? My friend is bleeding vodka from his ears."



Beach towels borrowed to clean up flooded toilets should always be returned to the balcony railing they were drying on.



Thoughtful Spring Breakers only hide illegal substances in the carry-on baggage of friends able to afford the bribes necessary to avoid being arrested.



Phone calls to parents should never be made when there is a chance that the conversation might be interrupted by a wet T-shirt contest announcer calling your name.

The appropriate response to having your fake ID confiscated is never, "But you just let my friends in with theirs!"

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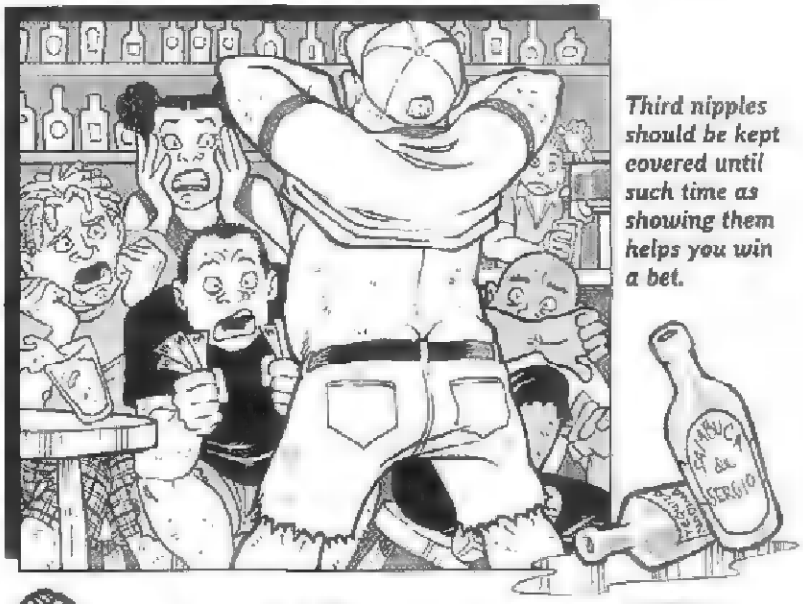
What happens in the maintenance closet of a taco stand in Cancun stays in the maintenance closet of a taco stand in Cancun.



Third nipples should be kept covered until such time as showing them helps you win a bet.

Putting your roommate's underwear in the hotel ice machine is very much frowned upon, whether they have been worn yet or not.

It is better not to send a post card to your parents than to send one that smells like urine.

Until the ambulance arrives, drunken revelers who fall onto your hotel balcony from the one above ought always be treated with the same courtesies invited house guests receive.

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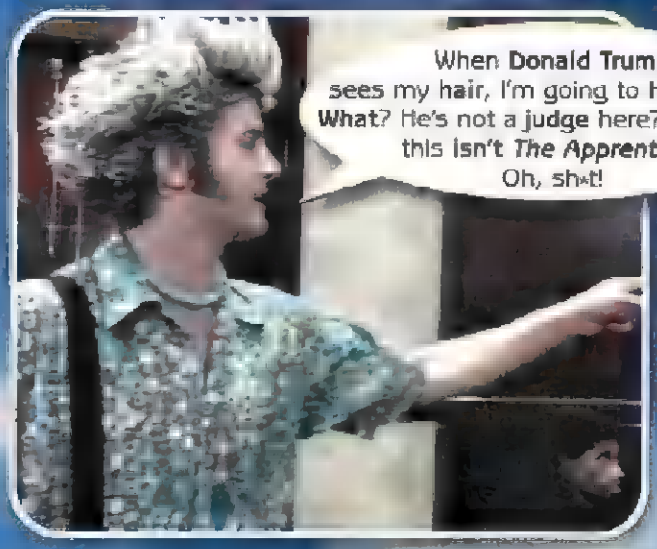
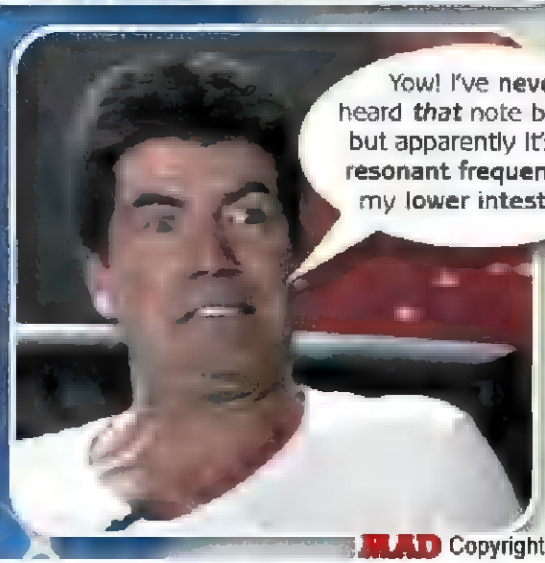
MAD: SIMPLY DREADFUL OUTTAKES





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FROM American Idol

You, out there in TV Land: If you had bought my albums when I was singing, I wouldn't have to resort to THIS schlock to make a living!

Where'd they go? All I said was I'm going to sing a Michael Bolton song!

Attention! Everyone who's going to sing "Wind Beneath My Wings," please sit in the UPPER deck; those who'll be singing "I Will Always Love You," in the LOWER deck!

The best advice I could give to this year's finalists: If the people who wrote *From Justin to Kelly* come to you with a new screenplay...RUN!

C'mere, Britney, I have to know for myself...

Ok, you caught me — yes, I'm Ruben! I figured it'd be great if I could win as a *woman* this season!

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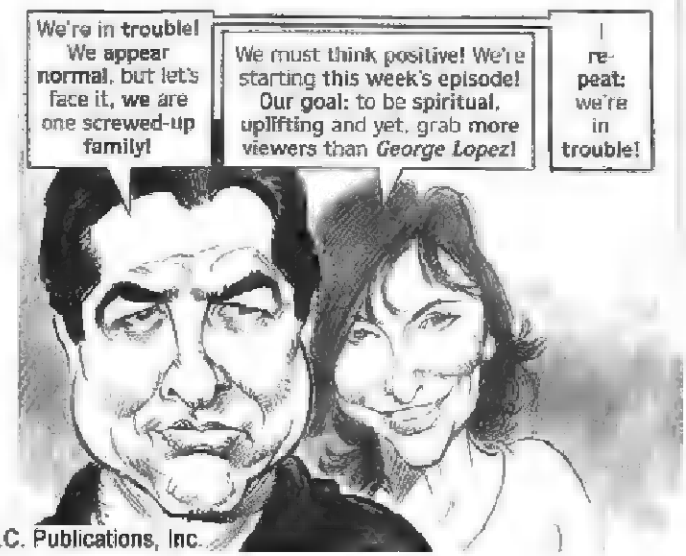
HOLLYWOOD AND DIVINE DEPT.

There's a new TV series about a teen who communicates with God. This show seems to have overlooked the commandment "Thou Shalt Not Steal." It's basically a hodgepodge of old stuff we've all seen before in *Highway To Heaven*, *Teen Angel* and *Oh God!* with George Burns. It may be listed in your *TV Guide* as new, but it's mainly recycled gospel. Here is...

That's Joan, the new kid! She's nice but, like, weird! She sees visions and hears things!
We have names for teens who have visions and hear voices!
What?
They're called stoners!
SCHOOL
I'm Joan Gelato! I'm an ordinary teen just trying to cope with a new town, a new school and new friends! But people keep popping up and telling me they're God! Dating is tough! I meet a hot guy — he happens to be 2,000 years old and not into relationships!
This is goose-bump time for me! Today is the birthday of the decimal point! I'm also renewing my subscription to *Test Tube Quarterly*! Later on, I'm checking out "vintage chemical beakers" on eBay!
You know, when the networks said they wanted more chemistry on this show, I don't think this is what they had in mind!
It's just amazing! I am constantly baffled!
That there's a serial killer on the loose?
That in a quiet town of 30,000, there's a grisly murder every single week!
It could be worse — *Smallville* has grisly crimes every single week *and* visitors from the heavens!
And we don't?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Good morning! How was everyone's day yesterday?
I shot a serial killer!
I attempted suicide again!
I captured lightning in a coke bottle!
God appeared to me as a forklift operator!
Fine. now who wants pan-cakes?


We're in trouble! We appear normal, but let's face it, we are one screwed-up family!
We must think positive! We're starting this week's episode! Our goal: to be spiritual, uplifting and yet, grab more viewers than *George Lopez*!
I re-peat: we're in trouble!

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Joan of Archaic

I was a high school baseball star, then came the auto accident! Now I'm paralyzed! Mom, will I ever walk again?
There's always hope, Cave-In! The doctors said they may find a miracle cure within five years!
Five years! That could be a big problem!
Don't you have faith that medical science will find a cure within five years?
I don't have faith this series will last five years! With our sappy dialogue, we're lucky if it hangs on for five weeks!
SCHOOL BUS
DRUCKER
Wow! How did a series like this manage to get Tony-winner Joe Mantegna and Oscar-winner Mary Steenburgen to sign on?
Both God and show business work in mysterious ways!
You mean the actors were attracted by the series' inspirational message and the uplifting scripts?
Actually, their agents couldn't make a deal with The West Wing, CSI or Whoopi!
Hi! You may think I'm just another punk teenager, but I'm really God! Yeah! I'm The Main Man! The question people always ask is, why do I appear as someone different every time I meet Joan? The smarter question is, why do I waste my time with the trivial nonsense of Archaic when the Mideast is ready to explode and the Earth is about to melt? Hey, later, dude!

WRITER: JOSH GORDON

Hello, Joan!
It's me, God!
Hey, I figured at a high school I'd blend in! Who's gonna notice yet another freaky outfit!
Who are you?
You're a Viking this week?

How come you keep following me?
I tried to email you but I couldn't get through! I kept getting bumped off!
God kept getting bumped off?
Even the all-powerful has trouble with AOL!

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I have a task for you!
Another one? I'm getting more homework from You than from school!
Buy a jigsaw puzzle and complete it!
A jigsaw puzzle? That's so yucky dull!
Yucky dull will pay off by the end of the episode! I will "arrange it"!
I don't understand how it will all come together!
Joan, I created the mountains, the oceans and the sky! Trust me, I know how one-hour dramatic TV structure works! I know sitcom structure, too!
I didn't know God was into all those things! Even prime time!
Are you kidding? Who do you think kept Touched by an Angel on the air all those years? Incidentally, I'm not thrilled with all those Friends rip-offs! I might have to do something about that!
HELLO... CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?
There's a maniac killer loose in town and I've got nothing! I want witnesses, I want prints, I want DNA! And I want it yesterday!
The chief seems to have an "attitude"!
He's trying to make a name for himself! He's trying to be something he's not!
Yeah? What's he trying to be?
Sipowicz from NYPD Blue!
How did the job search go?
Not good! I got a job at the post office but the other workers complained about me!
Why?
They said I was moving too fast!
Your brother's depressed again! He seems to be one of those grumpy-wumpy paraplegics!
I know what we'll do! I'll build a time machine and move him back to when he was normal!
That's the geekiest thing I've ever heard of!
I can propel magnetic sub-atomic particles into a gravitational field and go back in time!
Uh, as long as you're doing time machines, can you send me back to right before I signed the contract to appear in this fiasco?
HELLO... CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?
HELLO... CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?

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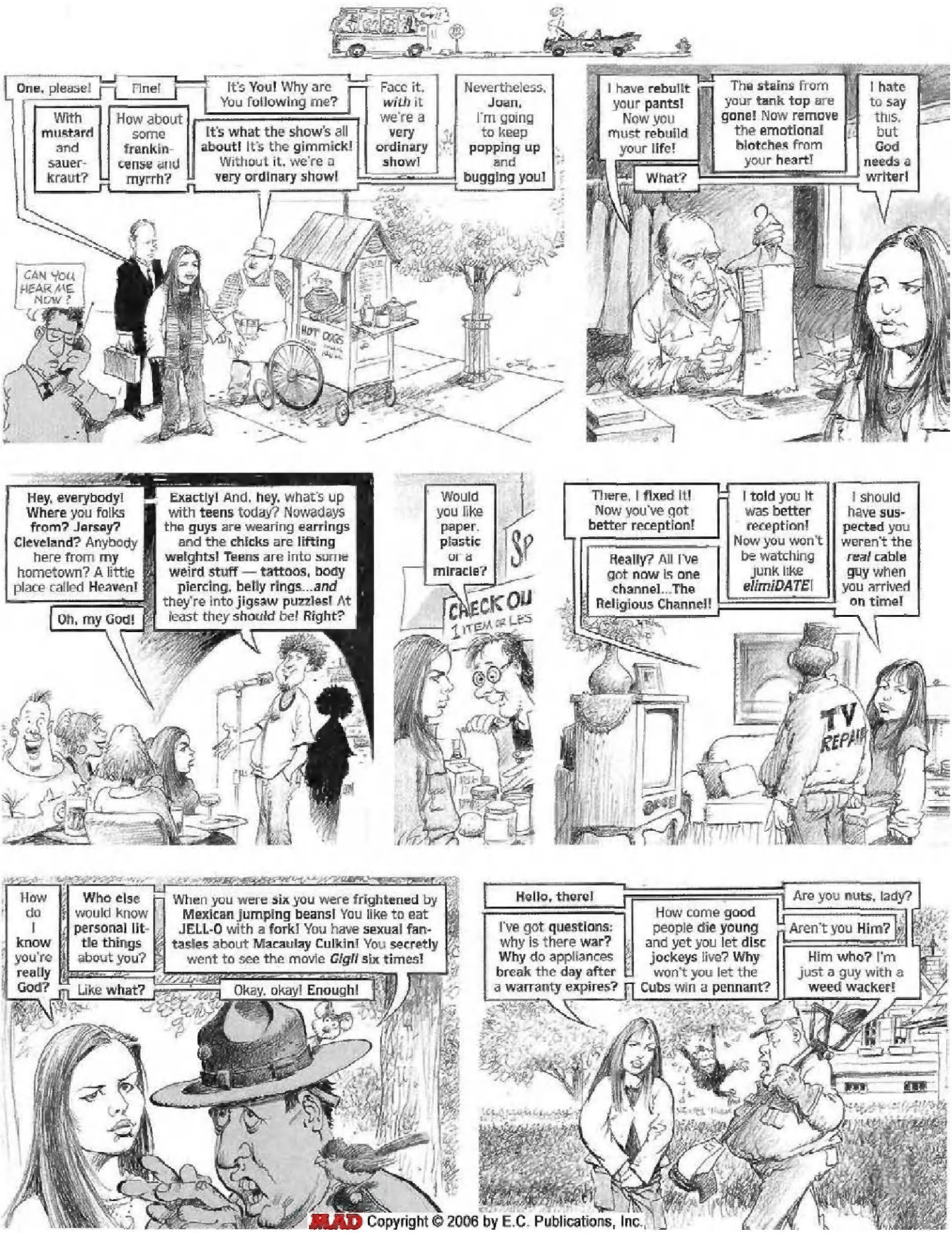
One, please!
Fine!
It's You! Why are You following me?
Face it, with it we're a very ordinary show!
Nevertheless, Joan, I'm going to keep popping up and bugging you!
With mustard and sauer-kraut?
How about some frankin-cense and myrrh?
It's what the show's all about! It's the gimmick! Without it, we're a very ordinary show!
CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?
HOT DOGS
I have rebuilt your pants! Now you must rebuild your life!
What?
The stains from your tank top are gone! Now remove the emotional blotches from your heart!
I hate to say this, but God needs a writer!
Hey, everybody! Where you folks from? Jersey? Cleveland? Anybody here from my hometown? A little place called Heaven!
Oh, my God!
Exactly! And, hey, what's up with teens today? Nowadays the guys are wearing earrings and the chicks are lifting weights! Teens are into some weird stuff — tattoos, body piercing, belly rings...and they're into jigsaw puzzles! At least they should be! Right?
Would you like paper, plastic or a miracle?
CHECK OUT
1 ITEM OR LESS
There, I fixed it! Now you've got better reception!
Really? All I've got now is one channel...The Religious Channel!
I told you it was better reception! Now you won't be watching junk like eliminDATE!
I should have suspected you weren't the real cable guy when you arrived on time!
TV REPAIR
How do I know you're really God?
Who else would know personal lit-tle things about you?
Like what?
When you were six you were frightened by Mexican jumping beans! You like to eat JELL-O with a fork! You have sexual fan-tasies about Macaulay Culkin! You secretly went to see the movie Gigli six times!
Okay, okay! Enough!
Hello, there!
I've got questions: why is there war? Why do appliances break the day after a warranty expires?
How come good people die young and yet you let disc jockeys live? Why won't you let the Cubs win a pennant?
Are you nuts, lady?
Aren't you Him?
Him who? I'm just a guy with a weed wacker!
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Cave-in, what are you doing here?
I'm only half a man! I want to make sure the half that works enjoys itself!
Hello, Joan! How's the jig-saw coming?
You? God is a lap dancer?
I take many human forms! I could have been a senator or a lawyer — but frankly, that would have been too sleazy!
My brother is in a wheelchair! He needs a miracle!
Actually, I don't do miracles! I repair souls — if you get my drift!
But you're God!
You're not getting the message of this series! I don't work directly! I guide. I suggest. I give advice! You've got to figure out the answers yourself!
Bummer! I'm not happy about this! I'm becoming agnostic and I'm taking my shoe repair business elsewhere!
SHOE REPAIR
It's finished! A thousand inter-locking pieces! What a beautiful seascape!
It's amazing how Joan's jigsaw puzzle miraculously brought the family together!
I'm not bitter anymore! I now realize I can work with my hands! I've decided to join the wheelchair basketball team!
The pieces of the puzzle are coming together! Even the pieces of my murder case are all fitting together!
$C_8H_{12}O_6$!
What's that?
The chemical formula for vomit is also coming together! I'm barfing here!
Joan, there is work to be done. We have deep problems!
What's up, God!?
I'm not God! I'm a CBS executive! We have to talk about numbers!
You mean like in the Bible's Book of Numbers?
I mean the ratings numbers! We're low! But, not to worry, CBS has a fix for next season!
GET A HEARING AID!
HELLO, CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?
Cameo celebrity Gods!
I am the Almighty! I work with my assistant, St. Paul! Here are the Top Ten reasons why you should build a bird house!
Joan, We gave you a task. To inspire the community! To build a vegetable garden. It was awful! One of the worst vegetable gardens I've ever seen. The carrots were painful to see, the cauliflower was dreadful, your rutabaga was a joke!
Your task! You must work hard! Do good deeds. Keep in shape, physically as well as mentally! Do not expect any miracles! That only happens in places like Cal-eee-fawnia!
You definitely need a spiritual makeover! Get a job at a shelter, adopt a pet, save a whale and while you're at it, change your hair color! Please!
Oh, God!
FA 5

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WHAT COMPETITION WILL ALL EYES SOON BE FOCUSED ON?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICLOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every so often, a competition mesmerizes the public. Enthralled viewers root for their favorite, hoping to push them to victory. But while the competition is fierce and the supporters are dedicated to their favorites, there can only be one victor. To find out what heated competition has everyone riveted, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

SPRIGHTLY COMPETITION IS THAT SPECIAL SOMETHING BREAKING UP THE MONOTONY OF LIFE. IT'S NOT FOR WET BLANKETS WHO CANNOT EXPERIENCE THE DELIGHT-THE SHEER JOY OF SUCH CONFRONTATIONS. TO SHIFT THE BATTLE IN THEIR FAVOR, A TRUE EXPERT CONTROLS THE GAME AND ITS OUTCOME AND NEVER RESTS

A

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B

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